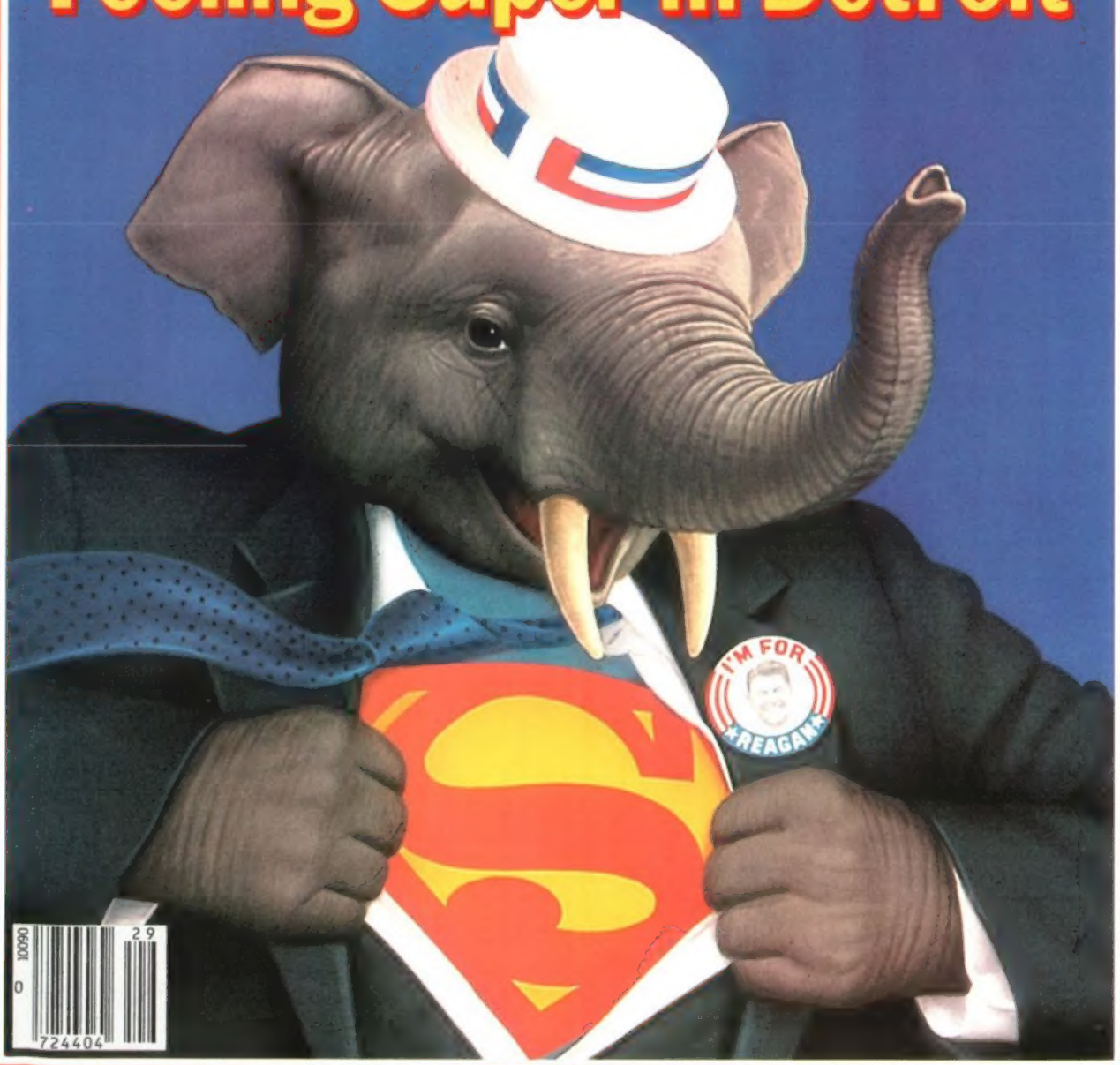
JULY 21, 1980 $1.25

TIME

Feeling Super in Detroit

Iran Frees A Hostage



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MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

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Gold of the common man.

It is Eastern Europe in the 19th Century and a family, its sparse belongings on a battered cart, arrives at a lonely border station.

A man from the group approaches the sentry with inner fear, for they have no permit or papers. There follows a brief exchange and the man returns.

The cart and family pass. The sentry, turning to avoid the eyes of the refugees, tucks one hand into his pocket; the gold coin there is still warm from the hand of its previous owner.

Sweeping through history one could find endless variations of this incident because gold, that lustrous metal of kings and clergy, has just as often been the metal of the downtrodden. Somewhere around 700 B.C., kings began to stamp gold into coins, and in that form they became accessible to the common man.

This was the gold of the common soldier, the gold of the common merchant, and even families who never knew a gold bracelet or necklace were able to acquire a few coins—which they often hoarded for it meant survival in the periodic upheavals.

Certainly one of the early coins of the common man was the *Daric* of Persia (No. 1 above) in the 5th Century B.C. It was heavily minted for over 200 years and it is known that one military campaign alone cost over 4 million of the coin.

The *Aureus* of the Roman Empire was also widely dispersed through the heavy spending of the Caesars. The example here (No. 2) is from Nero's reign.

One of the longest and most circulated of coinages was the *Zecchino* of Venice (No. 3), first struck in 1284 and minted for over 500 years. It is almost incredible to reflect that its coinage began in the Middle Ages, spanned the Renaissance, and ended in 1797, the year America installed its second President.

With the 19th Century came even grander coinage and the numbers are truly astounding: France, from 1801 to 1914, minted 515 *million* of its 20 Franc *Napoleon* (No. 4); England, from 1817 to 1966, coined over *one billion* of its *Sovereign* (No. 5), spreading it to every corner of a once extensive empire.

America's gold coinage began modestly, but enriched by the 1849 Gold Rush, the U.S. accelerated the program and from 1850 to 1932 produced, with several design changes, its famous $20 *Double Eagle* (No. 6), a minting of over 174 million.

It should be noted that considerably lesser numbers of these extensive mintages exist; most were re-melted—in many cases to mint succeeding coins—thus the remaining coins have gained great value among collectors.

The desire to hold gold coins continues. For example, in 1978, 49 countries issued over 120 different versions as legal tender. Among them, the South African *Krugerrand* (No. 7) ranks as the most popular. First coined in 1967, over 26 million have been produced since then.

Space here has permitted only the briefest description of seven gold coins of great mass circulation. There are, of course, many more. The world has issued more than 20 thousand different types in over 2,600 years—many of which have also touched the common man and certainly the family history of almost everyone who reads this.

All coins are shown actual size. This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information write to The Gold Information Center, Dept. T85, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

The Gold Information Center.

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0.01 mg. tar,
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lowest of all 100's.
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Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack: Less than 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

JULY 21, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 3 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

This week's cover stories on the newly unified and confident Republican Party are only the first half of a journalistic doubleheader. Senior Editor Otto Friedrich had barely sent to press the main story, written by Associate Editor Edwin Warner, when he, Warner and the Nation section's 15 other editors, writers and reporter-researchers left Manhattan to be in Detroit for the opening gavel of the G.O.P. Convention. After several days of observing the political action within and beyond the new Joe Louis Arena, they would return to their offices to prepare a second G.O.P. cover, this one on the party's ticket and its prospects in November. Says Friedrich: "It is a great advantage to see an event firsthand, and then to be able to evaluate it from a distance."

With 4,500 members of the working press attending, the convention, as always, promised to be almost as much a gathering of journalists as of politicians. TIME's 13 correspondents on hand include several who have spent months scrutinizing the 1980 race, among them Laurence Barrett, who has covered Reagan since January, Walter Isaacson, who reported on last week's G.O.P. platform hearings, and Douglas Brew, who had followed the George Bush campaign. TIME also fielded a team of ten photographers, led by Picture Editor Arnold Drapkin.

Our planning for Detroit began almost a year ago. Deputy Chief of Correspondents Rudolph Rauch assembled a group to arrange the complex logistics that convention coverage demands. The swift movement of staffers, information and film required the hiring of 22 messengers and a fleet of 21 cars, as well as the installation in TIME's pressroom in Cobo Hall of 50 telephones, two telex machines and a link to our computer in Manhattan. Other newsroom amenities: 24 desks, 38 typewriters, six pairs of binoculars and—for the fortunate—a pair of sofas.

TERRY ASHE

Warner and Friedrich with Reagan poster

The toughest problem was to find sufficient housing. After one of the twelve hotels in which TIME was allocated space turned out to be 43 miles from Detroit in Chatham, Ont., TIME Housing Coordinator Pamela Thompson had to scramble to rent apartments and rooms in a private club closer to the action. At one hotel being considered, a vigilant watchdog named Fifi bit Rauch's assistant, Emily Friedrich. "After covering an acceptance speech or interviewing dozens of delegates, no one should have to cope with Fifi," Friedrich decided, and she struck the establishment from her list.

John a. Meyer

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Since 1973, more than 35.9 billion aluminum cans have been collected and over 284 million dollars paid to collectors.

Leading the way are beverage distributors across the country who realize that recycling provides them with a good community relations program plus profit opportunities based on the scrap value of aluminum.

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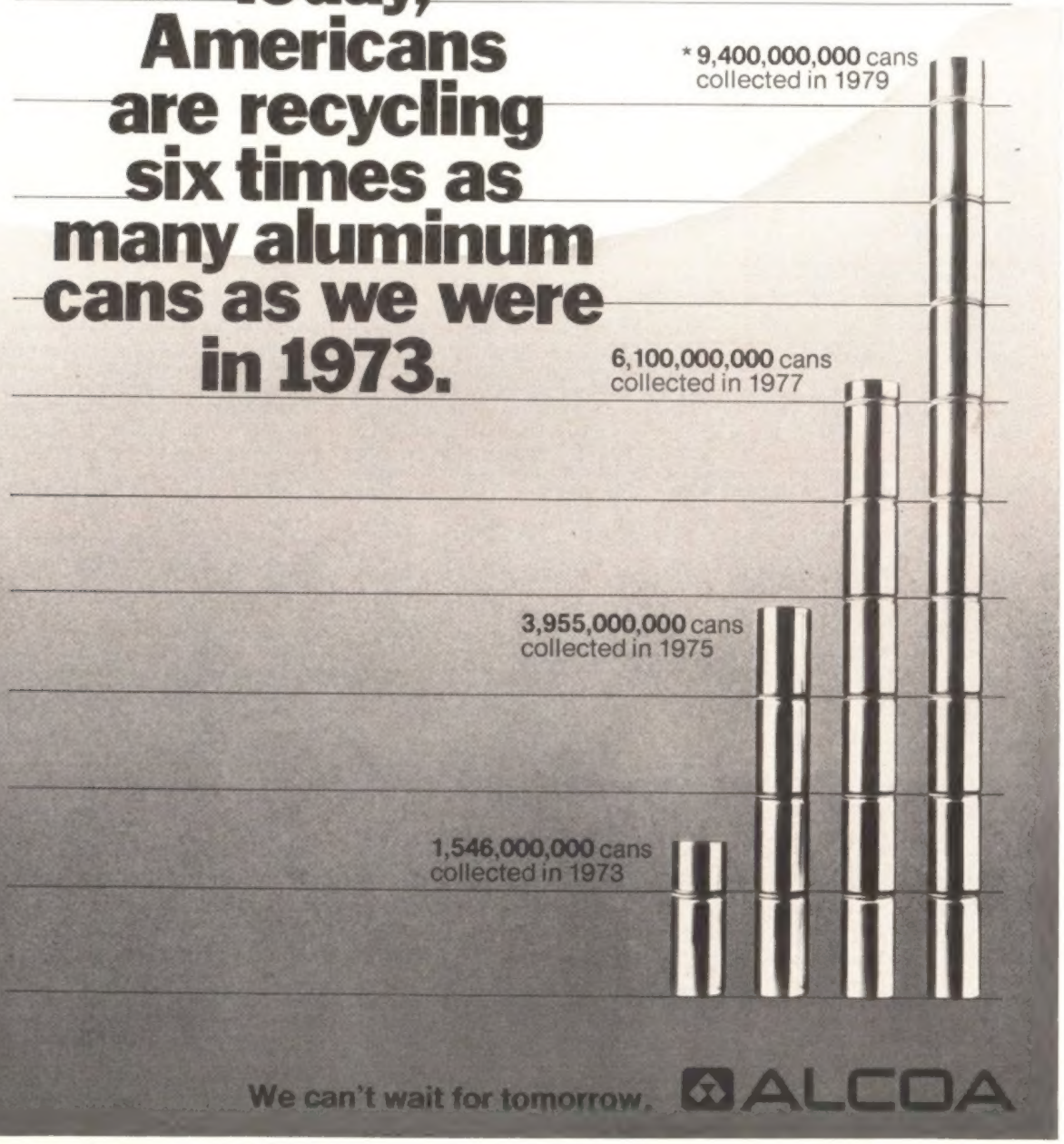
For more information, write Aluminum Company of America, 443-U Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

*Alcoa estimate

Today, Americans are recycling six times as many aluminum cans as we were in 1973.



We can't wait for tomorrow. ALCOA

Letters

Bjorn Is a Smash

To the Editors:

Even though I don't understand tennis, I cannot fail to see the beauty, grace and excellence of Bjorn Borg [June 30].

Leslie Jackson
Glastonbury, Conn.

Just when I was beginning to believe that Borg was a bionic man, you showed a very human side to the best in the tennis world today.

Mike Schulte
Cudahy, Wis.

Borg is the greatest!

Mary Lou St. Cyr
Mesa, Ariz.

Instead of saying how well Jimmy Connors played at the '78 U.S. Open, you said Borg had an injured thumb, and implied that was the reason for his loss. Nobody could have beaten Connors that day. When Borg loses, nobody says how well the other man played, but only how bad Borg was.

Gregg Livingston
Conway, S.C.

It is quite unfair to call Borg a machine when tennis means so much to his body and soul.

Hilary House
Chatham, Mass.

Reagan as the Choice

Your interview with Ronald Reagan [June 30] has convinced me that he is the best candidate. What America needs is a man of action, not one with constantly changing ideas like President Carter.

Kenneth Ryan
Plantation, Fla.

Reagan says the elderly "are not buying homes as they once did," and so Social Security should be reviewed. The elderly have been hard hit by rent increases and the conversion of apartments into condominiums, which we can't afford to buy. We have to live somewhere; where do we go? Who says housing isn't a problem for us?

Mr. and Mrs. Corey Smith
Atlanta

For Ronald Reagan to suggest that John Anderson is running merely out of egotism is hypocritical. Anyone who believes he somehow has an answer to all of this nation's problems, that his candidacy will be the salvation of the country, is embarked on a monumental ego trip of his own.

Graydon John Forrer
Grand Blanc, Mich.

The Decline of the U.S.

The U.S. is no longer No. 1. That's good news [June 30]. Now we can try harder. We can begin to appreciate other standards of living, instead of inflicting our own on everyone within our purchasing power. And learn, just in time, that friendships bought are only investments in resentment.

Edward Anthony
Ann Arbor, Mich.

It's appalling that the Europeans see it as a sign of U.S. weakness that the standard of living in some parts of Europe is at least as high as that of the U.S. Hasn't that been the whole point of our leadership and generosity in the past—to strengthen our allies? European countries must now take a greater share of the responsibility for world leadership, since they have accumulated a greater share of the world's wealth.

Rod Cameron
Council Bluffs, Iowa

When the Administration starts to talk with, not at, our European allies and allows them the latitude to breathe freely, then our relationships will improve.

You can be bullish on your friends, but you can't be a bully.

Edward B. Ryder IV
East Williston, N.Y.

As a new U.S. citizen, I am thoroughly appalled by the so-called independent attitude of our European allies. Many of my European friends are anxious to buy real estate in the U.S. for fear of being overrun by the Soviets. Go your own merry way, European leaders, and be independent, but without U.S. support!

Margriet Janssen
Boston

Bold Stroke?

The "Bold New Stroke for Peace" [June 23] is neither bold nor new nor pacific. In its "assertive initiative," the European Community merely echoes the language of its oil suppliers. The "big boost to the Palestinians" is only another effort to sanitize the P.L.O. Meanwhile, the P.L.O. leadership reaffirms its charter's call for Israel's demise: For peace?

Michael Weiss
University Heights, Ohio

Since when does it take courage to grovel?

Charles Spungen
Skokie, Ill.

I would prefer to call this "bold stroke" a simple case of meddling.

Manley Perkel
Dayton

Dealing with the Bureaucracy

Almost anyone would agree that the present federal bureaucratic structure is highly inefficient, but Charles Peters' proposal of reviving the patronage system as an alternative to the "survival network" [June 30] is certainly incapable of making Washington work. A simple cutback in the number of outmoded or superfluous federal offices is a more reasonable, as well as obvious, solution.

Joseph Gabriel
Champaign, Ill.

Peters is a Savonarola come to pronounce judgment on Washington. Of course there is empire building on the Potomac, as there is on the Moskva and was on the Tiber. Survival and self-promotion are natural, and probably even good. Would Peters rather have the bloated bureaucracies we now have, or a lean, hard corps of fanatical workaholics who could wreck the Republic?

Tom Gill
Columbia, Md.

Bestiality in *The Tin Drum*

Reader Fitzroy Davis [June 16] remarks that in the film *The Tin Drum* there are "scenes that reduce sexual love to obscene bestiality." If we regard the act of love as a microcosm of the act of life, then it follows that the one mirrors the other. Life in fascist Germany had been reduced to obscene bestiality, and love offered no escape from this fact.

Nancy L. Roberts
Biloxi, Miss.

Long Walk for the Navajos

Your American Scene article has an excellent historical overview of the Navajo-Hopi land dispute [June 30]. It is indeed possible that more than 7,000 Navajos may be forced into the second "Long Walk." The question, however, is where and to what.

Loren A. Corsberg
Lakeside, Ariz.

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Photo by Barry Fitzgerald

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COVER STORIES

Reagan Takes Command

Rightists ride triumphant, but the nominee must widen his appeal to win

Imagine this colloquy among Republican leaders as they gather around the celestial TV set to watch their party's convention.

Theodore Roosevelt: It's a bully sight!

Calvin Coolidge: Too expensive.

Mark Hanna: Not much excitement. I can't see a single smoke-filled room.

Henry Cabot Lodge: I'm worried about the westward tilt of the party. The East always supplied the intellectual leadership.

T.R.: If I had not gone West . . .

Coolidge: What's all this talk about winning the blue-collar vote? America's business is business.

Abraham Lincoln: Don't forget that the workingman's vote helped to elect the first Republican President. When we were trying to preserve the nation, the Republicans became known as the Union Party. The name is gone, but the meaning should still prevail.

Ronald Reagan is an old hand at theatricals, but nothing in his long career can compare with the four-day extravaganza scheduled for Detroit's Joe Louis Arena this week. After many years of tryouts, he is the Republican Party's superstar. His folksy conservatism, with its tinge of Western populism, not only swept the Republican primaries but appears to be attracting other parts of the electorate as well. Scenting that victory might indeed be theirs, the Republicans are closing ranks behind their new standard-bearer. Though some are still wary of his politics, others envision Reagan's launching a new Republican era in America.

To try to lure as many viewers as possible for 18 hours of TV time, the convention is overflowing with show business celebrities who will rival the politicians on the rostrum—a far cry from oldtime conventions where delegates lustily bargained, brawled and demonstrated to choose a nominee. This time there will be Pat Boone to pledge allegiance to the flag, Glen Campbell and Tanya Tucker to sing the national anthem. Other contributions will be offered by Jimmy Stewart, Vikki Carr, Dorothy Hamill, Ginger Rogers, Donny and Marie Osmond. And the national anthem once again by Princess Pale Moon. But through all the pageantry, Reagan will set the tone by word, gesture and command. It is his show, and he calls the shots.

The biggest of all, of course, is his selection of a running mate. His choice will indicate where he intends to lead the party that has now put him in charge. Picking a relative moderate like George Bush with close ties to the Eastern Establishment would give a clear signal that he wants to broaden the G.O.P. base as much as possible. A compromise selection like Indiana Senator Richard Lugar would indicate a certain caution. Choosing an old friend like Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt would show that he plans to run a far more narrowly based campaign—with all the risks that implies in November.

For all the emphasis on unity, however, some rancorous quarrels erupted during the preconvention maneuvering last week, and they could lead to trouble in the fall campaign. A certain militant element of the G.O.P. right wing still seems determined to assert its strength even if it hurts the party and the party's new leader. It was an indication that for some true believers, ideology is still more important than winning an election. Their special target was the Equal Rights Amendment. Reagan aides had already watered down the party's traditional support of ERA, which runs through most conventions back to 1940.* But that was not good enough for the

*On the Democratic side, Eleanor Roosevelt led the opposition to ERA in 1940, and the Democrats did not support the measure until 1944. The latest polls indicate ERA is supported by 54% of the populace, but by only 43% of Republicans.

MICHAEL EVANS

A determined Reagan heads toward Los Angeles headquarters to confer with aides on vice-presidential possibilities

right-wingers. By an overwhelming 90 to 9, they pushed through a platform plank saying that the matter should be left in the hands of the states.

ERA supporters were infuriated. Said Michigan Governor William Milliken: "This would be very, very costly in political terms." In an emotional speech, Mary Crisp, who was being ousted as co-chairman of the Republican National Committee because of her praise of John Anderson, accused the party of suffering from an "internal sickness" and warned that it might lose the election. Remarked an irritated Reagan: "Mary Crisp should look to herself and see how loyal she has been to the Republican Party." He added: "I don't think this ERA is a live-or-die issue."

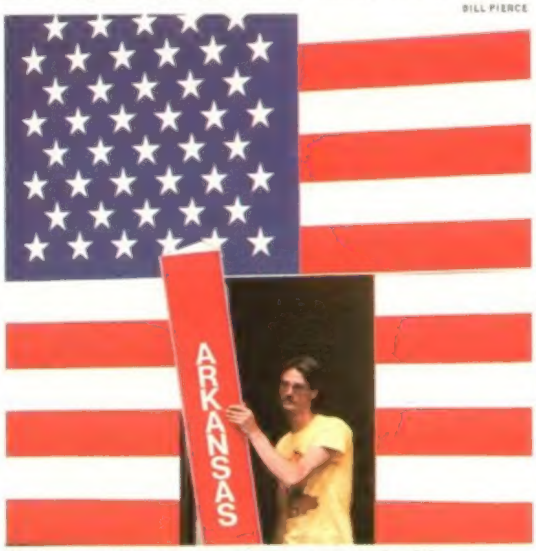
Equally controversial was the issue of abortion. Again rejecting the compromise wording, the right-wingers rammed through an endorsement of a constitutional ban on abortion. Many moderates were distressed by the changes. Bob Hughes, G.O.P. chairman in Cleveland, even saw omens of the Barry Goldwater debacle: "Shades of 1964—we're going to do it again."

Leading the right-wing assault was the imperturbable Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina, who reveled in the admiration of a coterie of delegates as he railed against the Panama Canal Treaties and the recognition of mainland China. But by now the Reagan forces were alarmed at the attacks on the platform by what some of them called the "grass eaters and know nothings." Congressman Jack Kemp and Richard Allen, Reagan's top foreign policy adviser, managed to prevent any alteration of the party planks on Panama and China. Allen emphasized that Reagan, while deploring the brusque way Carter severed U.S. relations with Taiwan, had no intention of restoring them. "There will be no turning the clock back," said Allen. "Reagan recognizes the importance of our present relationship with the People's Republic."

The Reagan forces also overruled right-wing objections to Henry Kissinger's participation in the convention. Because of all the protests, the former Secretary of State decided not to appear before the platform committee, but William Casey, Reagan's campaign manager, insisted that Kissinger be allowed to address the convention. "He's earned the right to speak," said Casey. "He's been a good soldier for the party." Much to right-wing dismay, Reagan scheduled a session with Kissinger this week.

When the arguing abated, the Republicans had a platform that supported Reagan's principal views. It endorsed the Kemp-Roth bill for a 30% tax cut over three years; called for more nuclear power and complete decontrol of oil prices; denounced the SALT II treaty as "fatally flawed" and demanded "military superiority" over the Soviets; urged the restoration of capital punishment; and appealed for the return of voluntary, nondenominational prayer in schools. All in all, said Platform Committee Chairman John Tower, the document represents "a rightward move" in keeping with the increasing conservatism of the U.S.

To what extent Reagan controls the right-wing zealots in the G.O.P. will become clearer in the coming weeks, but his key aides were doing their best to play down the preconvention controversies. "A good fight or two might be helpful," said Campaign Manager Casey. Indeed, the more significant and surprising news is that the Republicans have by and large stopped sniping at each other. Rich-



BILL PIERCE

Workman setting up convention emerges under dais

Not like the days when delegates bargained and brawled.

Crushing defeat for ERA in Republican platform committee: only nine delegates stood up

For some true believers, ideology is still more important than winning an election.

ard Whitney, 60, a Reagan delegate who is a Colorado dairyman, declares: "We have to have all philosophies in the party to win. We are trying to embrace more people. We don't have much of that 'We won't compromise' attitude any more." Says William Simon, Treasury Secretary under President Gerald Ford and a likely prospect for high office in a Reagan Administration: "All of us are growing up and getting together."

So far Reagan has done much to set the unifying tone. Gone is the strident rhetoric of the past. Now he talks expansively of bringing people together. He told TIME, "People should properly look at a political party not as a club or a religion, but as a means for uniting people with a common viewpoint about how the Government should be run. I don't ask for written-in-blood pledges. I am arguing that the Republican Party comes closest today to representing what the majority of the people in this country want."

Reagan has instructed party leaders around the country to recruit as many volunteers as possible without regard for their viewpoints. Ideological purity is not the price of admission to party affairs. Last month Reagan met in Chicago with a number of Republican Governors, a group that has not generally supported his candidacy, and he assured them that he wanted to work with them. He also placated moderates by keeping Bill Brock as R.N.C. chairman. Traditionally the nominee puts his own man in the post, but Brock had won widespread support from conservatives and moderates alike for his successful efforts to broaden the party's base and elect more Republicans to state legislatures. Brock has had to relinquish some of his authority, but as long as he stays on the job, he symbolizes party unity.

Party foes of Reagan have responded warmly to these signs of conciliation. Few people fought Reagan harder than Richard Rosenbaum, the former New York State G.O.P. chairman who supported Ford in 1976 and is now a national committeeman. "I guess I would have to say that Reagan is an idea whose time has come," says Rosenbaum. "Our problems are behind us, and the party will come to its full potential now." That sturdy pillar of the Eastern Establishment, former Senator and U.N. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., claims to be comfortable with a Reagan presidency. Says Lodge: "Reagan has been around. He's very practical."

It is easier, of course, to like a man if he looks like a winner, and conditions seem favorable for a Republican candidate. Though registered Republicans still number less than one-third of all voters, the U.S. is now in the middle of a recession with unemployment climbing and inflation painfully high. Signs of increased Soviet aggressiveness were capped by the invasion of Afghanistan. There is a widespread sense that President Carter is not coping well with the problems facing the country. As Senator Laxalt acidly puts it, "Jimmy Carter is an indispensable ally." Says Leonard Garment, a Wall Street lawyer who served as an aide to President Richard Nixon: "We are seeing a new nationalism, a revival of strong feelings about the country, a desire for the kind of leadership that makes Americans feel good about their country and themselves. Carter conveys a sense of self-flagellation, of guilt about our power and our past."

Republican spirits soared when a survey was released last week showing that public confidence in the G.O.P. has risen sharply. The poll, by Robert Teeter's Market Opinion Research of Detroit (commissioned by the Republican National Committee), found that 58% of the people think the G.O.P. would more effectively control Government spending, compared with 25% who believe the Democrats would do a better job. For reducing inflation, the response favored the Republicans 53% to 24%. The G.O.P. outpolled the Democrats on holding down taxes 50% to 29%. By a margin of 49% to 29%, people believe the Republicans are more likely to maintain military security. The most startling finding of all showed that Democrats are considered better able to reduce unemployment by a narrow 41% to 38%. Last fall the same survey indicated a favorable rating for the Democrats on this issue of 39% to 18%; in 1974, only 8% chose Republicans and 54% sided with Democrats. This surge in the Republicans' standing has encouraged them to concentrate on unemployment in the campaign, an issue that has belonged to the Democrats ever since the Depression. And if they do not have that issue, what do they have?

The Teeter survey, to be sure, must be balanced against less impressive showings. The latest Harris poll puts Reagan narrowly ahead of Carter, 39% to 34%, with John Anderson at 24%. In one Gallup poll, in which only 26% gave Carter highly favorable ratings, the comparable figure for Reagan was 23%, suggesting that Reagan may have quite a job convincing people he is more capable than Carter. A series of Gallup surveys conducted from April through June showed that 38% of the Republicans in New England and 42% in the Middle Atlantic states would vote for either Carter or Anderson over Reagan. Such a defection of members of his own party poses a serious threat to Reagan no matter how many Democratic votes he picks up. On the other hand, given Carter's increasing weakness in the South and Southwest, it would be possible for Reagan to win without capturing any of the Northeastern states.

On the basis of the Teeter figures, the G.O.P. hopes for dramatic gains in Congress. There is an outside chance of winning control of the Senate, where the party now has 41 seats. There is only a faint possibility of securing a majority in the House, where the Democrats outnumber their rivals 275 to 159. But if the G.O.P. takes a fair number of seats, it would be in a position to control both chambers in 1982, for the first time since 1954.

Jesse Helms leading the attack

The numbers favor the Republicans in this year's Senate elections. Of the 34 seats being contested, 24 belong to Democrats, ten to Republicans. Moreover, several of the Democrats are liberals bucking a conservative trend. The

Republicans are anticipating a net gain of three to six seats, enough to give the Senate a more conservative outlook. That could also be true of the House, where from 20 to 40 seats are expected to switch from Democratic to Republican.

Looking to November, Reagan is mapping out a strategy to capture as many Democratic and independent votes as possible. As a former Democratic activist who did not become a Republican until 1962, he has always been fascinated by the New Deal coalition put together by Franklin Roosevelt. He wants to build a similar coalition in opposition to the welfare state created by F.D.R. "If you look back," Reagan told TIME, "you find that those great social reforms really didn't work. They didn't cure unemployment. They didn't solve social problems. What came from them was a group of people who became entrenched in Government, who wanted social reforms just for the sake of social reforms. They didn't see them as temporary medicine as most people saw them, to cure the ills of the Depression. They saw them as a permanent way of life."

Reagan is careful, however, not to attack such New Deal programs as Social Security and unemployment insurance, which are now taken for granted and have large constituencies. There are prudent limits to his assault on Big Government. That is the lesson of the 1964 disaster, when Goldwater went down to resounding defeat after a defiantly conservative campaign that included talk of abolishing the Tennessee Valley Authority.

To build a successful coalition for the campaign and possibly for the future, the Reagan forces are targeting three groups, most of whose members voted for Carter in 1976:

▸ Working-class families whose heads of household earn between $14,000 and $20,000 a year, a traditionally Democratic group that has been hardest hit by unemployment and inflation. Though largely blue collar, this category includes a significant number of white-collar workers in both private industry and government.

▸ White Baptists (the black vote is the most faithful of all the Democratic constituencies). Unlike other white Protestants, the Baptists voted in substantial numbers for one of their own in the last election. But they tend to be conservative on social issues, and many have grown disillusioned with Carter. If they turn out in

Illustration for TIME by Steven Guarnaccia

large numbers, they can have a decisive impact in the Border states and the Deep South.

▸ Residents of towns and smaller cities of no more than 40,000 people. Traditionally inclined to vote Republican, they strayed from the party in 1976. Polling data indicate they can be reclaimed, though G.O.P. policies must be tailored to their different locations.

The Reagan campaign aims to pull these groups together by emphasizing the issues that unite them rather than those that might divide. Says Senator Lugar: "There is a high degree of consistency among working people on patriotic as well as moral issues. The same people who are disturbed about the impotence of national power are also highly worried about abortion. There is a common thread here." Republicans have found that working people are no less interested in tax reduction than any other group. In addition to the Kemp-Roth federal income tax cut of 30% over three years, Kemp has proposed creating free enterprise zones in decaying parts of cities. Patterned after the well-received British experiments, the plan would permit sharp tax reductions and minimal Government regulations for companies that are willing to relocate and provide jobs for the local community. It could be an ideal Republican program: a free-market approach to a pressing social problem that has resisted governmental remedies.

To bring all these new people into its ranks, however, the G.O.P. is going to have to modify its country club image. Joe Six-Pack does not belong to a country club. Maryland's Republican Congressman Robert Bauman expresses a widespread aversion to the venerable upper crust that has long controlled party affairs: "They are elitists. They are out of touch with the supermarket counters. Their view of Communism is that it is a market to be sold to, not a system that may destroy their children's freedom."

During the rules committee hearings in Detroit this week, Josiah Lee Auspitz, a member of the liberal Republican Ripon Society, plans to offer a resolution to change party rules to make it easier for ethnic groups to become convention delegates and members of the R.N.C. The present process discriminates against the larger states, where ethnic voters are concentrated. Auspitz is a member of the R.N.C.'s outreach program, which makes a special appeal to minorities. Yet he complains: "The party tells these groups, 'Give us your vote, but your participation stops at the ballot box.' "

One region that looks particularly promising for Republican gains among working people is the South. That is the thrust of a memo written to Reagan by one of his Southern strategists, Lee Atwater, who thinks the blue-collar workers hold the balance of power in the area. If they could be converted, the South could eventually be solid, he concludes, for Republicanism. Some evidence supporting this view comes from Texas, where the G.O.P. primary contest between Reagan and Bush drew a record 510,000 people to the polls. Says Reagan's Texas strategist Ernest Angelo: "There was just a greater degree of good salt-of-the-earth Texans than we've ever had before." Dallas Attorney Paul Eggers was surprised by a recent Republican rally that featured "beer, hotdogs, rednecks and lots of music and stomping. Fifteen years ago it would have been sacrilege to do that at a Republican rally."

DAVID C. FRANCIS

Reagan has convention headquarters in Renaissance Center

"Not a club or a religion but a means for uniting people."

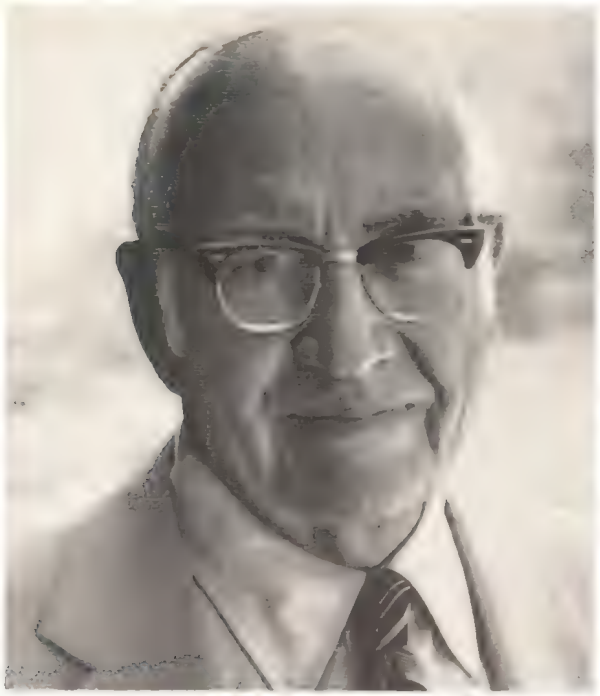
The G.O.P., however, cannot take its appeal to blue-collar workers for granted. Evidence of their crossing party lines to vote for Reagan in the primaries is sparse, though they clearly helped in Illinois and Wisconsin. While it is true that union leaders have not yet attacked Reagan, there is no reason to assume they will not. Says Robert Neuman, deputy chairman of the Democratic National Committee: "Union leadership has been concerned with Carter and Kennedy. They haven't gotten to Reagan yet. When they do, I think they'll hold the rank and file on issues of concern to workers: right to work, OSHA. Reagan's views are dead wrong."

Right or wrong, Reagan is not likely to change them. In general he sees no reason to modify his opinions when he feels the rest of the country is coming around to his point of view. The best way to form a coalition, he thinks, is for other people to convert to his viewpoint. To an extent, this has happened. But he eventually will meet more resistance. At that point, will he give a little or stand adamantly on principle?

How Reagan orchestrates these various groups he needs to win the election will be a critical test of his leadership. If he seems to cater too much to the Southern fundamentalists, for example, he risks alienating urban ethnic voters in the North. Some of Reagan's backers in Detroit and elsewhere are demonstrating the zealotry that helped lose the election for Goldwater and can perform the same feat for Reagan. Says Ed Meese, Reagan's chief of staff: "It is a difficult balancing act on some of these things, but it is a necessary one to reflect the broad spectrum of support Ronald Reagan gets."

Whether Reagan can accomplish what he intends will not be known until he is put to the test. Like many successful politicians, he is essentially an enigma. Says one shrewd Massachusetts Republican leader who has known and supported Reagan for many years: "I know George Bush. I know Howard Baker. I know Phil Crane. I know Bob Dole. I even know John Anderson. They all know me. But I don't know Ronald Reagan. If he came into a room where I was, someone would have to tell him my name. He is the most aloof politician I have ever encountered."

The successful Republican Presidents—and Democrats too—have generally been skilled party organizers. While overseeing military operations during the Civil War, Lincoln was just as occupied on the civilian front trying to keep all his party's factions united behind his policies. However convinced of his particular viewpoint, any President must establish a consensus to govern effectively. But Reagan feels that the Republican Party has been too willing to make concessions for the sake of consensus. He blames past G.O.P. defeats less on people of his own convictions than on what he calls party "pragmatists": Republicans who said, "Look what the Democrats are doing and they're staying in power. The only way for us to have any impact is somehow to copy them." Reagan has firmly drawn the ideological line between the parties, and a significant force is finally lining up on his side of it. Despite recent polls, however, that force has yet to prove that it represents a majority of Americans. To show that it does will be Reagan's task. —*By Edwin Warner. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett/Los Angeles and Walter Isaacson/Detroit.*



One of these drivers had a head-on collision and walked away without a scratch.

I'm Dr. Arnold Arms, the man on the left. In 1975 I drove one of the American cars equipped with air bag restraint systems being tested in this country. At 6 p.m. on October 7, I left my office to make a house call and never made it. I had a head-on collision with a city bus. I was travelling at about 25 miles an hour.

I recall very well what happened. The air bag filled in front of the steering wheel and deflated right away. I could see I was alive. I could see that I had no broken bones. To my surprise, I didn't even have a headache or whiplash injury. I was able to walk away from the crash." ***Arnold V. Arms, M.D., Kansas City, MO***

In 1979, 25 million auto accidents occurred in the U.S. Millions of drivers and passengers were injured, 27,000 of them died. The cost of hospital and medical treatment for auto injuries was astronomical. And with inflation continuing to spiral, these costs continue to soar.

Many deaths and injuries could be prevented if people would use seat belts and shoulder harnesses, which are standard equipment in all new cars. Unfortunately, fewer than 20% of all automobile occupants use their seat belts.

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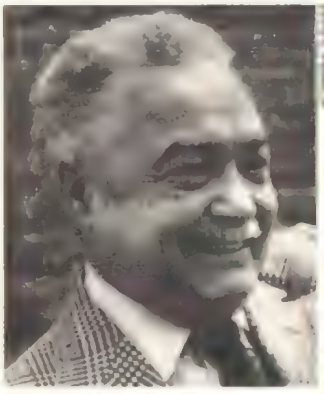
Down but Far from Out

Hurt by the recession, the G.O.P.'s host is fighting back

It's a lunch-bucket town with a world-class symphony. A heavily black city with a black-run government, but an economy dependent on white business leaders. A community that prides itself on its race relations, yet a town where the underlying tensions could still cause another riot. And it's a Democratic town holding the Republican National Convention.

With its many contradictions, Detroit defies labeling and upsets preconceptions. Self-styled sophisticates from elsewhere have long scoffed at the industrial city. Just last week a researcher from one of the television networks had the gall to ask a Detroit spokesman to help put together a list of a dozen "top mugging spots" for convention delegates to avoid. Actually, crime in the city has dropped dramatically in the past few years. And a European reporter who assumed the Detroit River was hopelessly polluted by the city's heavy industry looked out over the waterfront in astonishment at fishermen angling for coho salmon.



Mayor Coleman Young

Button bearing slogan for the Republican National Convention

"By day we make the cars, by night we make the bars."

More than 20,000 visitors will form their own conclusions about Detroit this week during the four-day Republican Convention. Some 15,000 journalists will jostle with 4,000 delegates and alternates in and around the just finished $27 million Joe Louis Arena, where Ronald Reagan will become the Republicans' presidential candidate. The crowds are overwhelming Detroit's limited hotel and eating facilities; some conventioneers are staying across the border in Canada, or up to 40 miles away in small towns of Michigan.

Both Detroit and the G.O.P. are out to exploit each other, and make no bones about it. Coleman A. Young, Detroit's shrewd and aggressive mayor, hopes to use the convention to prove to the nation that his town is, as its boosters have been boasting, a city in the midst of a revival. He is well aware of the risk in seizing the national spotlight, if only for a week. "We have our warts," Young says with typical candor, "and we see them too." Republican Party leaders, in turn, hope to use Detroit as a theatrical backdrop in their bid to lure blue-collar workers and blacks away from the Democratic Party.

Some of Detroit's warts were highly visible last week. Even as parking-lot operators were putting out potted geraniums to brighten the city's face for visitors, some 425 striking sanitation workers let garbage pile up along the streets. Bus mechanics, too, were on strike, forcing the collapse of local service that carries 200,000 people daily—although some residents claim the system has long been so poor that no one can tell the difference. In all, about 8,400 striking municipal workers (out of 21,700) tried to use the convention as a club to beat the city into granting hefty wage hikes. Young, who came out of the same tough "Black Bottom" ghetto that produced Joe Louis and was once an organizer for the United Auto Workers, bargained hard but at week's end settled for a draw. A new pact gave the workers less than they had asked but more than the mayor had offered—despite Young's repeated plea that "I ain't got no more goddam money."

The mayor had a point. Detroit's economy has long depended on the auto industry, which has been slowed to a sputter by the recession and foreign imports. Rising losses by the carmakers and spreading layoffs (the city's unemployment has reached 18%) have caused city tax revenues to fall and contributed to a financial deficit for the fiscal year of $70 million.

The symbiosis between city and cars is, of course, what makes the Motor City unique. "It is both a great blessing and a great problem," says Edward Cushman, a political science professor at Detroit's Wayne State University. In normal times, more than one-third of the city's 1.8 million wage earners hold jobs directly related to the auto industry. When the assembly lines are rolling, the area's autoworkers, many of whom are black, can take home as much as $30,000 a year. When layoffs are temporary, the combination of company, union, state and federal benefits gives workers up to 95% of normal pay. But Detroit is fearful now that the unemployment will linger on and on.

Henry Ford II

Still, in this city of contrasts, the good years of the auto industry helped power the undeniable revival of Detroit's downtown. So, too, has the unusual rapport between black city officials and the community's white business executives, who rarely live within the city limits. The outspoken Young, for example, does not hesitate in public to rib his good friend Henry Ford II. When the former Ford Motor Co. boss complained in a speech that the 73-story Detroit Plaza Hotel, the showpiece of the city's celebrated Renaissance Center complex along the waterfront, might be doing nicely in attracting conventions but was not producing enough "transient business," Young took a microphone to declare: "Hank the Deuce just told us we gotta start hot-sheetin' it at the hotel."

This close relationship between white and black leaders began as a community-wide reaction to the race riot of 1967, one of the worst in the nation. A total of 33 blacks and ten whites died in the chaos, and the damage to property amounted to $80 million. Civic leaders formed an interracial group called New Detroit and

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OLYMPUS OM 10

worked hard to improve race relations, especially between black residents and a white-dominated police force. Three years later, Henry Ford led the formation of Detroit Renaissance, a group made up of chief executives of the major corporations in the city. This power elite had the financial clout to rebuild the downtown, which was so deserted after the riots that Young says: "You could have shot a cannon down any of the major thoroughfares at night and not hit anyone."

The redevelopment of the waterfront area has been economically successful, although critics differ over its aesthetic appeal. The main cluster of new buildings is the $350 million Renaissance Center, consisting of five glass towers containing office space and topped by the spectacular Detroit Plaza Hotel. The center has helped the city raise its convention revenues from $56 million in 1970 to a projected $115 million this year. More than 90% of the center's office space is rented. Although the complex looks a bit like a mother ship from *Star Wars*—or perhaps because of the fact—visitors flock to its more than 20 restaurants and stylish boutiques.

While the grandest and gaudiest redevelopment has occurred downtown, Detroit has also built a number of privately owned housing projects around the city, including the remodeling of 125 houses and 175 apartments by General Motors Corp. near its headquarters three miles north of the downtown area. Obviously well intended by GM, the project is resented by many blacks, who fear that it will raise real estate values in the area until only affluent whites from the suburbs can afford to buy houses there. GM is planning to provide some subsidized housing.

General Motors Chairman Thomas Murphy discovered how quickly Detroit could respond when an auto company needs a lift. He told Young in June that GM's Cadillac division and the Fisher body plant that supplies it might have to leave Detroit in a search for more space. Within a week, the city assembled a land package of more than 500 acres in a deal with Hamtramck, a municipal enclave surrounded by Detroit. The plan will involve the razing of 1,500 homes and the relocation of churches, businesses—and even a cemetery.

Not all Detroiters, however, cheer all of the reconstruction that is going on in the city. To check decay, Young and other city officials have granted tax concessions to developers willing to build in the area, but they are criticized for doing so as city deficits grow. So far, however, most residents seem to agree with Bob McCabe, president of Detroit Renaissance, who defends Young: "This city is in a fight for its life. It needs to be competitive. You need tax abatements not to make developers rich but to make the developments possible."

A tougher challenge that constantly confronts Detroit's government is trying to improve the lives of the city's poor. About 60% of Detroit's 1.2 million people are black, and about 80,000 have incomes below the poverty line. Some 300,000 are eligible for food stamps. Large sections of the city are 90% black, the public school system is 85% black; the students are up to two years below national standards. As in most major cities, unemployment figures for young blacks are astronomical: estimates range as high as 60%. Sources of racial resentment remain.

Garbage piling up along streets during the strike by sanitation workers

Conceded the mayor: "We have our warts, and we see them too."

Walter Douglas, the black who heads an organization that expedites new construction, points out that the privately operated Detroit Golf Club is in the middle of a predominantly black area, but has no black members. Says Douglas: "It's a damn shame."

Young has served his constituents well by leading a drive to expand black influence in the city. First elected in 1973 by a mere 12,000 votes (out of 250,000), he has helped blacks win six of the nine city council seats, including its presidency; a majority on the Wayne County board of supervisors, which sits in Detroit; and 16 of the 23 judgeships in the city's criminal courts. In addition, the deputy mayor, superintendent of schools and chief of police are black.

Young's pressure on the police department has been effective in two ways. By sharply increasing the percentage of black police officers (from 15% in 1974 to more than 40%), he has diffused some of the emotional conflict between police and the black community. At the same time, the force has become more effective. In Young's first year in office, Detroit was known to headline writers as Murder City. Its 714 homicides constituted the highest per capita rate of any major U.S. city. Last year the murder toll was down to 451. Lesser crimes decreased too—so much so that other police departments have sent representatives to see what Detroit was doing right.

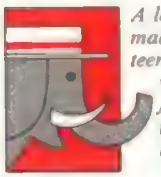
There are still muggings, of course, but downtown streets that were once an eerie no man's land after dark now come alive with normal night life, as the Republican delegates undoubtedly will discover. Detroiters tend to live it up to the lyric of an old Motown song: "By day we make the cars, by night we make the bars."

After years of decline, the city that produced such jazz greats as Kenny Burrell, Yusef Lateef and Joe Henderson is enjoying a resurgence in the music style. Unfortunately, rock and to a lesser extent soul have faded since the Detroit days in the '60s and '70s of Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder, Aretha Franklin, Gladys Knight and Alice Cooper. Detroit's main musical pride today is its highly respected symphony directed by Antal Dorati, 74, who has done for Detroit what he had achieved earlier for Dallas, Minneapolis and Washington.

Yet the beat to which Detroit moves remains, for better or worse, the rhythm of the assembly lines. The $45 million that Detroit merchants expect to ring up at the convention may inspire a few more "hallelujahs" in celebration of the city's revival, but it cannot affect the auto industry's deep-seated problems. Mayor Young remains optimistic—and defiant. "Detroit has always been a feisty city," he says. "We've known trouble, but we're not afraid to take it on." —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Barrett Seaman/Detroit*

They Thought They Were Better

The men beaten by Reagan reflect on the lessons of losing



A leader is one who, out of madness or goodness, volunteers to take upon himself the woe of a people. There are few men so foolish; hence the erratic quality of leadership in the world.
—John Updike

As the Republican Party plays out the final ceremony of nominating Ronald Reagan this week, there will be supporting roles for the handful of men who fought against him and lost. The television cameras will again broadcast their images, they will make their speeches, and one of them might even become the vice-presidential nominee. They will all praise Ronald Reagan, but in their hearts they all once thought themselves his better.

These men—Howard Baker, George Bush, Philip Crane, John Connally and Robert Dole—spent years of their lives in their efforts. They used up tens of millions of dollars of other people's money (plus a fair amount of their own), traveled hundreds of thousands of miles, gave tens of thousands of largely repetitive speeches, ate uncounted meals of numbing mediocrity, and largely abandoned their families and their usual pursuits. All in vain.

When the battle was over, they limped back to their other lives bruised and disappointed, and in debt. They had played not just for power and prestige but for a place in history. Now their failure is there for everyone to see; they are still a little touchy when asked to look back.

George Bush, who came closer than anyone else to catching Reagan, retreated quickly after his campaign to his summer home in Maine. There he revved up his 270-h.p. speedboat and raced over the waves at 40-knot speeds, as if fleeing the memory of his defeat. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Douglas Brew, Bush admitted: "I'm still a little grumpy. I just don't want to talk about it yet. It's too soon. I'm sorting out what the hell I'll do with my life."

Observes Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker: "I came out of it a different person than I went into it. But I haven't sorted it out yet. You know, little flashes of insight here and there. But that is still too fresh to deal with." Yet, with the exception of John Connally, who declined to speak about his campaign at all, the other four major challengers did agree to review their experience in campaigning for the presidency. Unlike other political experts, these men have actually lived through the process.

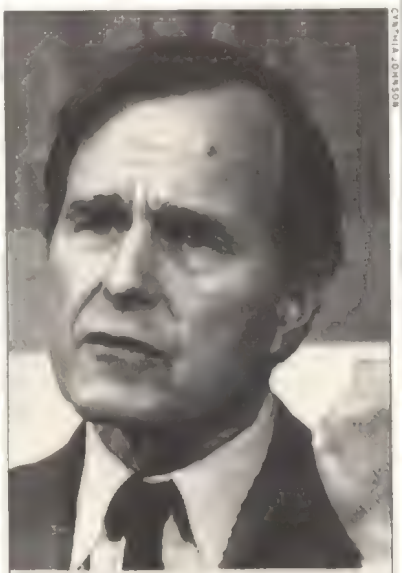
Each of them entered the race believing he had a reasonable chance of winning. Says Dole: "I have a really good record in the Senate as far as food stamps, handicapped, or nutrition or health care. I thought naively you could build a constituency with farmers and business people and health professionals and the handicapped and whatever, but we could not, did not."

They were in many ways unprepared for the enormousness of their undertaking. Says Baker: "I just found I had a lot to learn. It doesn't make any difference how well you prepare for it or staff for it. You never know how to run for President until you try to run for it."

Echoes Crane: "People ask me, 'What makes you think you are uniquely qualified to be President?' I say, 'I have never thought that.' The best qualified people, however, will never run for office in the first place. You know, how many people are willing to put themselves and families through that kind of an ordeal?"

Bush disagrees strenuously: "Who are they? Where are all of these shining knights out there? Why aren't they willing to get in and run this course? Where's their fiber? Where's their strength? It's fine to tell somebody he shouldn't have been traveling around the country for twelve years, but where were *they?*"

For Crane, especially, it was an ordeal. He announced before any of the rest and suffered under the personal attack of New Hampshire's sulfurous newspaper publisher William Loeb, who accused the Congressman of sexual excess and heavy drinking. Says Crane of his long campaign: "It's like the old moron joke about the kid who was hitting himself on the head with a hammer because it feels so good when you quit. I told the folks back home everyone ought to do this once in his life, ideally as early on as possible, because every day after it's over is a good day."



BUSH: "I learned a hell of a lot from exposure to people"

BAKER: "You never know how to run until you try"

After his campaign ended, Crane went on a vacation with his wife. Says he: "I had totally relaxed and decompressed, with one exception, and that was when I saw these fellows still out campaigning. You know, I would suddenly get a knot in my stomach. I would say, 'Good grief, surely I have got to be packing because we're going to be off and running at 6 a.m.' Suddenly I realized how dreadful it had been. I mean, I hadn't relaxed in two years. The times I thought I was relaxing, I wasn't really relaxed. You know, you are always uptight because of the feeling that you can't make that inadvertent remark or do this or do that because it might be misinterpreted and could be a political liability."

Pressure from single-issue political groups was also a strain. "I regret even going to that gun thing," Dole says of his appearance before a New Hampshire gun owners' group, at which then Republican Candidate John Anderson was booed. "What I should have done, at least someone should have done it, was to get up and reprimand them for their treatment of Anderson. They were outright rude to Anderson because he had a different view . . . I resented, after I left, that sort of quizzing in public, trying to lock us in on every little detail that the National Rifle Association might promote. The right-to-life

groups are pretty much the same. You have to take a litmus test every five minutes or you're considered wavering. What we should have said in New Hampshire is, 'Well, fellows, we understand your position. I think mine's generally in accord. I'm running for President of the country, not the gun club.' We were all running for President of the gun club that night. You get the same in farm groups, health care . . . The whole thing is sort of crazy."

Baker is similarly resentful, but he provides "only one quick story to illustrate it, and then I am going to shut up before I get in real trouble." Baker addressed a group of lawyers in Florida and then offered to answer questions. "The first question was from somebody who stood up with a smirk and said, 'Senator Baker, do you have any idea how tired we get of these presidential candidates traipsing through Florida?' And before I could stop myself, I heard myself saying, 'Do you have any idea how tired we presidential candidates get of people like you?' Fortunately, there was a huge roar of laughter that went up in the room, and that is all that saved me."

Just the same, campaigning for President can have its rewards, at least until the losing starts. Says Bush: "I learned a hell of a lot. I don't care what kind of speech you make, you have questions and answers in every little town hall and you learn from exposure to people." Baker elaborates: "It is the freest form of personal communication I know of. When I am campaigning and I go into a town, I feel as much at home there as I do anyplace else. I am free of the emotional baggage that goes with the ordinary encounter with a new place or with new people. I see people not as a stranger but as a candidate for President who has a right to be there, who is expected to speak on the issues. The first thing that happens to you is you realize it is a great big country with almost endless variations. And it is an attractive country; it is an attractive people who make up the country. And you can be enthralled by it, fall in love with it. And that is really sort of what happens in a presidential campaign."

Crane found civilized receptions from college students a great pleasure and enjoyed the head-to-head confrontation in the debates. But his best moment came when he met Ethel Collins, a volunteer in his New Hampshire campaign. Recalls Crane: "She is a real pioneer woman. She chops all of her own kindling. She has no running water. She melts snow in the winter. No electricity. Lives all by herself. She is 77. One evening, she gave me an envelope, which I put in my pocket. I opened it later, and she had made a $500 contribution to my campaign. And in it she had said, 'Phil, I budget my affairs very carefully. I had thought of visiting Hawaii, but I decided this was more important.' I got really filled with emotion over that because there was nothing in it for Ethel except that she loves the country dearly. A dear, dear soul."

The losers feel that in various ways, big and small, the process of campaigning for the presidency is flawed. Baker firmly believes the process takes too long, perhaps because he waited too long in the Senate before joining the process full time. Says he: "I saw the entire Canadian government fall and then reconstitute itself completely with a new election and a new Parliament while I was campaigning in New England." Baker has been exploring a series of proposals to shorten the campaign, perhaps with regional primaries, perhaps by limiting the time during which private contributions will be matched by federal funds and limiting the time when the federal funds can be spent. Baker also believes the endless campaign puts officeholders with other obligations at a disadvantage, while those without jobs can devote years to the campaign. Dole agrees, lamenting that he felt obligated to spend much of his time in the Senate. Says he: "I could have left the Senate. But you can't have it both ways. I learned that."

"I don't believe we were propelled into the race," says Dole. "I think we just sort of kept trudging along, probably feeling right along that we would take a stab at it, hoping that Reagan wouldn't run." Unable to travel full-time, Dole believes, he failed to get enough attention from the press and from television, and thus failed "to hit a home run" in the early caucuses and primaries. His, he thinks, was a failure caused by circumstance, not his own flaws. Says he: "I don't think I was ever really rejected, because I was never out front to be considered."

Crane too was frustrated by the cycle of inattention. He blames the "liberal inclination" of the press, and he proposes that candidates who appear on television interview shows be forced to assign "a dollar value" to those appearances, which would count against total spending limits

FRIEDMAN—BLACK STAR

CRANE: "Suddenly I realized how dreadful it had been"

BILL PIERCE

DOLE: "The whole thing is sort of crazy"

Bush, on the other hand, basically supports the existing system. "The campaign was exhausting, and it was an awful letdown," says he, "but that doesn't lead me to the conclusion that since I lost I'm going to get out into the forefront of those who think the system is all screwed up. I give Carter and Reagan credit. One for using the incumbency to demonstrate that he's hard as hell to beat. And Reagan for persistence and hanging in there for twelve years and grinding down people like me."

Bush rejects the notion that having a full-time public responsibility is a handicap, since public positions can be used to gain the all-important exposure. Says he of Dole and Baker: "They were out there in Iowa a lot too, plus they had a spotlight out of Washington that a person like me didn't have." Restricting early campaigning, he thinks, would "infringe on a person's fundamental right to seek the presidency."

Despite all the problems of the system, the hardships of campaigning, these men, whether out of "madness or goodness," did take the risk. They showed courage, along with their huge ambition. And while they may eventually profit from their experience, they are now left mostly with the disappointment. Concludes Bob Dole: "It's hard to convince yourself, even now, when you think you probably know about as much or more than somebody responding to a question —it is hard to understand why you're not in there. First, you're not in the big three. Then, you're not in the second three. Pretty soon it's embarrassing so you don't want to hang around much longer."

—By John F. Stacks

The President and his counterpart from Peking chatting with the aid of an interpreter

Mixing Business with Mourning

Carter and China's Hua talk informally in Tokyo

"Squalid politics," fumed Republican Senator John Tower of Texas. G.O.P. National Chairman Bill Brock sniffed that Jimmy Carter "has a lot of nerve even showing up in this city." But there he was smack-dab and unrepentant in Detroit, the capital of an auto industry that has been forced to lay off one-third of its workers. While the Republicans were getting ready to throw their big bash and coronation, Carter swept through town en route to Japan and illustrated the power of a President to steal headlines from his opponents by acting on problems they can only denounce.

Carter had been warned by a White House memo that "if we cannot get auto and steel problems reasonably resolved, these issues alone will cost us Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Missouri." During a 40-minute meeting with auto executives that began at 7:05 a.m., the President announced an aid program that could add up to $1 billion for the auto industry (*see* ECONOMY & BUSINESS).

Carter then flew on to Tokyo, a 14,740-mile, two-day trip that was primarily a symbolic gesture of amity toward an ally, Japan, and a new friend, the People's Republic of China. The occasion was a memorial service for Japanese Prime Minister Masayoshi Ohira, who had died June 12, shortly before his Liberal Democratic Party swept to a resounding election victory. Among the dignitaries attending was Chinese Premier Hua Guofeng, whom Carter was eager to meet.

The President had no business to discuss with his Japanese hosts. It was hardly the occasion on which to bring up the problem of Japan's booming auto exports to the U.S. (22% of total U.S. auto sales last month). Besides, as an aide to Transportation Secretary Neil Goldschmidt noted, at the moment "there is no Japanese government to negotiate with."

To honor Ohira, Carter sat through a two-hour service in the Budokan, a martial-arts hall redecorated for the occasion. Premier Hua, dressed in a gray Mao jacket, was in the front row and, although the two men did not meet, they looked firmly at each other, as though each was taking the other's measure.

At the close of the memorial service, all 243 foreign dignitaries filed past an urn containing Ohira's ashes. Each made a low, formal bow, the traditional Japanese gesture of respect, except Carter, who barely nodded his head. But the Japanese, not expecting a newcomer to follow protocol, were not upset by Carter's performance. Later, however, Carter clearly startled Ohira's widow with a display of American informality while paying a call on her. He greeted her with a kiss, then slipped his arm around her waist when leading her into the Ohira family home.

Before meeting with Hua, Carter gave an interview on Japanese television designed to ease increasing Soviet worries that the U.S. and China were about to gang up on the Soviet Union. Said the President of the U.S.-China moves: "We believe that this relationship should not be used by either country against the Soviet Union. We should not combine our

For Better or for Worse?

Jimmy Carter's returns to Plains once seemed a celebration of his small-town roots, but they have come to resemble a political ritual, something the President may be doing because he feels it is expected of him. So it was on the Fourth of July weekend as Carter diligently strolled down Main Street, diligently went fishing, diligently attended church three times on Sunday. His neighbors, never overawed by the local celebrity, seem less impressed than ever. "He could be doing something more useful in Washington," grumbled one storekeeper. "He don't even help business in Plains no more."

During the Main Street stroll, a little girl gaped at the famed peanut farmer. "You're so changed," she said

"For better or for worse?" the President asked

The girl gave no answer.

The ritual of rituals is the softball game, a rigid study in presidential informality. "O.K., where are the victims?" asked Carter as he strode onto the field in 100° heat. The White House team was loaded with Secret Service agents. "I thought the game was fixed when you bring ballplayers in from all over the country just to play one game," jeered a newly trim and fit Brother Billy, captain of the opposing team, a collection of locals and reporters.

The President pitched with intensity. He got one hit, a double, in five trips to the plate. He also walked once and once reached first with the help of an uncounted error. The final score was 13 to 3, and despite the heat Carter insisted on playing all nine innings. Said Billy: "It's the first thing he's won in so damn long, it's time he won something."

The President was not finished. After the game was over, he insisted on jogging around the parched field for another ten minutes. For a 55-year-old man embarking on a campaign against a 69-year-old challenger, it was quite a competitive display.

The winning pitcher hits safely in pickup game in Plains

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efforts against another nation, but we should combine our efforts to maintain peace."

Though he had been up for 24 hours before finally getting to bed, Carter rose early the next morning for his session with Hua—15 minutes alone, an hour accompanied by aides. The meeting proved to be informal and spontaneous. Hua impressed the Americans as witty and candid. At one point, while his interpreter was droning through a pompous English translation of the Chinese official line, the Premier grinned broadly at Carter. Later, Hua used an American cliché to put down Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who has accepted $1.6 billion in Soviet aid in exchange for Indian recognition of the Soviet-backed puppet regime in Cambodia. Mrs. Gandhi, said Hua, had decided to "take the money and run."

The two leaders unveiled no new policies, but found much to agree about. They encouraged each other to supply more arms to Thailand, which in June repelled a border incursion by the Soviet-backed Vietnamese. Hua told Carter that he had seen TV pictures of American planes unloading howitzers in Thailand. It was, he said, a "wise and important" move.

The President tacitly indicated that the U.S. would be silent about Chinese military moves along its 480-mile border with Viet Nam, short of outright war. The Chinese keep 250,000 to 300,000 Vietnamese troops occupied along that border. Hua backed U.S. efforts to get the Soviets out of Afghanistan and promised Carter that the Chinese would not question U.S. moves in the Middle East. He expressed "very, very strong" support for American efforts to acquire military bases in Kenya, Oman and Somalia as a counterweight to Soviet influence in the Persian Gulf region.

On the sensitive issue of U.S. arms sales to China, Carter told Hua, "We want to move cautiously." Hua was careful in turn. Summed up a Carter aide: "The Chinese don't want to spend big bucks now anyhow."

Though U.S.-Chinese friendship is based more on a shared fear of Soviet adventurism than on a common world view, Carter found more apparent support from Hua than he has received lately from some of America's allies in Europe. Indeed, when the President told Hua that he had met with "mixed success" in selling his policy views in Europe, the Chinese Premier chuckled sympathetically at the understatement.

The next day, Carter flew to Alaska, where he rose at 4 a.m. Alaska time to don his waders and go by helicopter to a remote area north of Anchorage to fish for trout and grayling. The catch: 24 grayling. Then it was off to Sapelo Island, Ga., where he planned to watch the nomination of the man who hopes to move into the White House next January. ■

The Massachusetts Senator pressing his case for the Democratic presidential nomination

Vowing Defiance to the End

Kennedy prepares to fight Carter at the convention

He lost most of his party's primaries and trails badly in the delegate count, but Senator Edward Kennedy continues to push for the Democratic presidential nomination as if the fight were just beginning. He has vowed to carry his campaign onto the convention floor next month in New York City's Madison Square Garden, scene of many bloody championship bouts. The purpose of his stubborn crusade, Kennedy explained at a lunch last week with TIME editors, was to allow the party to take into account "the very basic and fundamental changes in circumstances," including the nation's economy, since the primaries, changes that Kennedy thinks are hurting Carter badly. Said Kennedy: "I do not think the Democratic Party is prepared to concede defeat. Democrats are going to look around in August and see their potential nominee in some parts of the country is running third."

The battle was fiercely joined last week in Washington before the Carter-dominated convention rules committee. Kennedy strategists tried to persuade the committee not to approve a measure that would bind delegates on the first ballot to vote for the candidate whom they were elected to support. With such a rule, Carter would be assured of getting far more first ballot votes than the 1,666 needed for the nomination; going into the convention, the President leads Kennedy 1,982 to 1,235 in delegates. Thus the Senator's only hope of a long-shot victory depends on his wooing votes from Carter.

Sporting buttons proclaiming FREE THE CARTER 2,000 the Senator's managers pushed for a resolution that would allow delegates to vote for any candidate. They argued that delegates at past Democratic Conventions had been free—in theory, at least—to vote for whomever they wanted, even on the first ballot. Joseph Rauh, a longtime liberal activist, declared that the loyalty rule would prohibit any action at the convention and "turn the Democratic Party from a deliberative body to a group of robots." But Carter's backers at the rules panel ridiculed the Kennedy proposal. Said South Carolina's Don Fowler: "If after five months of primaries and caucuses and 19 million Democratic votes we change our minds now, the people won't stand for it."

Kennedy's tenacity has enraged the Carter camp, which fears a fatal party split. Warned San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein at last week's rules session: "You are about to hand the presidency to Ronald Reagan on a silver platter. I beg you not to do it."

After 2½ hrs. of debate, the Carterites won, 87 to 66, and the rule binding the delegates will be recommended for adoption at next month's convention, where the battle will be fought for a second and final time while the nation watches on television.

If Kennedy fails in Madison Square Garden and Carter, as expected, wins the nomination, will the Senator support the President? At TIME's luncheon, Kennedy revealed some of the depths of his feelings against Carter. "I think that Mr. Carter has created Ronald Reagan," said Kennedy. His explanation: by bemoaning the limitations of the presidency as he sees it, Carter encouraged Americans to look for someone who proposes simplistic solutions to problems. Unless Carter changes his economic policies to support, among other things, more job stimulus programs, Kennedy is not sure at this point whether he could credibly support the President in the election, or that his help would do much good if he did. ■

R.I.P.

Reprieve for Civil War dead

Retired Chemical Engineer Charles Albright, 62, had been a navigator on a B-29 bomber in World War II, and, as he began planning for his own funeral, he recalled the Federal Government's promise that every war veteran could be buried in a national cemetery. The only such cemetery in his native West Virginia is in the town of Grafton, which suited Albright perfectly because his parents and grandparents are buried near by. But when he first inquired five years ago about a plot for himself, he learned that the three-acre Grafton National Cemetery had been full ever since 1957. Says Albright: "I was real disappointed. That's where I wanted to be buried."

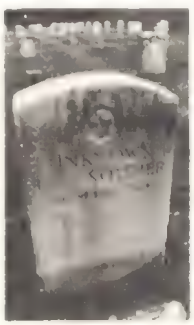
Albright formed an organization called the West Virginia United Veterans National Cemetery Committee and urged the Veterans Administration to enlarge the Grafton cemetery. Instead, the federal agency decided to save money by digging up 627 unknown Civil War dead and reburying them in separate plastic urns in a mass grave. Over this grave, said the VA, it would erect an imposing common headstone with an inscription stressing the theme "Now We Are One." The VA actually opened up eleven graves and found only a few relics inside. Says Albright: "The dead had no uniforms, no identification, no nothing. So what's wrong with a common grave as long as you just don't pile them in all together?"

The VA explored the possibility of carrying out similar exhumations elsewhere. Said Carl T. Noll, chief memorial affairs director: "The consolidation of graves would provide a reasonably significant number of gravesites to meet today's needs." In fact, of the 109 national cemeteries operated by the VA, only 55 can accommodate new graves.

But the VA failed to anticipate the outburst of public criticism. The New York *Times* accused the VA of "trampling on the final resting places." "Let them rest in peace," said the Washington *Post*.

Last week the VA canceled the project. Said a chastened Noll: "Certainly we meant no disrespect for these valiant Civil War heroes."

That leaves Albright still looking for a grave. While the VA promises "to explore other possible ways to create additional gravesites," Albright's committee has already begun a $500,000 fund-raising drive to buy the land needed to expand the Grafton cemetery. The unknown soldiers will remain where they are.



■ Grafton cemetery

Border patrolman comforting survivor

Deathtrap

Thirteen aliens die in desert

It is an infernal place of Gila monsters, scorching earth, mesquite and giant cactus. For centuries, the section of southern Arizona now designated as the Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument has been crossed by people risking death in hope of finding a better life: Spanish explorers, missionaries, men drawn by California gold. They come now, still seeking the golden dream, from Mexico and Central America, an illegal but relentless stream. Last week the desert—beautiful to those who know it, deadly to the unprepared—claimed 13 more victims.

They were part of a group of 45 people from El Salvador, aged 13 to 35, who boarded an air-conditioned bus on June 28, hoping to join the mounting exodus from their overcrowded, violence-torn country. About July 2, they reached the border at the southwest corner of Arizona. They were being shepherded by four or five Salvadoran and Mexican "coyotes" —men who sneak aliens across the border for as much as $2,000 each.

Some of the Salvadorans thought they were going to be flown directly to Los Angeles, more than 200 miles away. When no planes came, 14 of the group decided to stay in Mexico. But 31 agreed to cross the lightly guarded border farther east, where seven border guards must patrol a 70-mile stretch.

Accompanied by the smugglers, the group slipped through the barbed wire fence on the night of July 3 and entered the U.S. Aliens are often picked up by trucks or buses after crossing on foot, but no one met this group. The 31 started to blunder through the park. They were ill equipped to walk a mile. They carried suitcases filled with winter clothes, Bibles and perfume. The party had only 20 1-gal. plastic water jugs.

By noon, the temperature was 110°F. The desert floor, which gets as hot as 150°F, blistered their feet. Some abandoned their shoes and wrapped their feet in rags soaked in the little water they had. The next night, three men were found near Highway 85. They insisted they were alone, apparently afraid of acknowledging they had left others behind. Says Border Patrolman Hector Ochoa: "If they had told us the truth, we could have saved most of them." Not until Yolanda Estela Hernandez, 20, was found beside the highway the next afternoon did authorities learn that others were in the desert.

Using helicopters, horses and dune buggies, the patrolmen found eight men that evening—two dead, the rest barely alive. A ninth man, who may have been the chief Salvadoran smuggler, had fallen behind and was lost.

Next morning the rescue party found three women alive under a paloverde tree. Sprawled about them were the bodies of ten women and a smuggler. Suitcases had been ripped apart in a search for anything with moisture. The group had drunk perfume and aftershave lotion. Some had been hallucinating, swallowing sand they thought was water. One woman cried: "The coyotes stole my baby!" The agents scrambled to find the infant, only to learn days later that the child had been left in El Salvador.

Some of the four women among the 14 known survivors claimed that the smugglers had robbed and raped them, but later withdrew the accusations that apparently had been the result of hallucinations. One of the survivors continued to insist that she had tried but failed to stop the smuggler—who later died—from strangling four women who had begged to be put out of their misery.

At week's end Salvadoran Elias Nunez-Guardado, 26, and Mexican Mateo Preciado, 58, were being held on charges of transporting illegal aliens. Another smuggler made his way north to the town of Why and disappeared. Two other members of the party remain entirely unaccounted for.

The residents of Ajo, where the survivors were taken, are normally indifferent to the plight of aliens, but they collected money for the Salvadorans. The Legal Aid Society plans to go to court to foil any plans by the Immigration and Naturalization Service to expel them, and Arizona's Senator Dennis DeConcini asked the Administration to permit the aliens to live in the country that they had tried so desperately to make their home.

■ Body of Salvadoran

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

Torture Trial in Tucson

Two "Anglo" brothers are accused of persecuting Mexicans

Down U.S. Highway 80, past Wyatt Earp's haunts, past a dreary town called Tombstone, lies the border city of Douglas in Arizona's sparsely populated Cochise County. Signs pointing to Mexico dot Main Street, and an estimated 10,000 of the 15,000 residents of Douglas are Mexican Americans. Most of them have relatives living across the border in Agua Prieta, or "AP," as the locals say.

Some 250 miles east of where the party of illegal immigrants died in the desert, Douglas was the site of an episode that reflects another bitter and brutal aspect of the problems stemming from aliens crossing the border. Two ranching brothers—Patrick Hanigan, 26, and Thomas Hanigan, 23—were on trial last week in federal court in Tucson, charged with beating and robbing three Mexican aliens in 1976. The case has divided the city of Douglas and inflamed passions on both sides of the border. Many ranchers of Anglo-Saxon descent—the "Anglos"—insist that the Hanigans are being unfairly persecuted, while many Mexicans and Mexican Americans argue that the alleged crimes of the two brothers reflect the racism that pervades the region.

The Hanigan case began on a hot August morning in 1976, when three Mexicans set out from Agua Prieta to seek work in Arizona. The trio—Manuel Garcia, Bernabe Herrera and Eleazar Ruelas—slipped across the border and soon stopped to refill their water jug on land leased by the Hanigans. A man, later identified by the Mexicans as Thomas Hanigan, drove by in a pickup truck and yelled out, "Hey, wetbacks, where are you going? Are you going to steal or rob?" Hanigan allegedly forced the Mexicans into his truck at gunpoint and then summoned his father George, 67, and brother Patrick, who accused the Mexicans of robbing his trailer home the previous month. The Hanigans, according to police, next stripped and tied the Mexicans and beat them with pistols and a metal rod. The cattlemen were alleged to have scorched the soles of Ruelas' feet with a hot poker and threatened to castrate and hang the trio. Finally the captors freed the aliens, pumping shotgun pellets into their backs and legs as they scrambled across the border to Agua Prieta.

Two weeks later the Hanigans were indicted on charges of kidnaping, robbery and assault. The news stunned Douglas. The Hanigans were one of the area's most prominent families. Besides his cattle ranch, George Hanigan owned a string of Dairy Queen stores throughout the state. "They were very good people, never in trouble," says Dolores Zavala, a Mexican American who runs a grocery in Douglas.

George Hanigan never lived to stand trial; he died of a heart attack in March 1977. The Hanigan sons were tried in a county court in October 1977; the all-white jury found them not guilty. The outcome incensed Mexican Americans and Mexicans alike. "Racist, frontier justice," charged Raul Grijalva, a Tucson school district board member. In Mexico, ballads lamented the fate of the aliens, and President José López Portillo criticized the outcome. "There was a pretty hot feeling," George Patterson, a civil engineer in Douglas, told TIME Correspondent Diana Coutu. "People were afraid to cross the line into Mexico because they were after the gringos."

A coalition of Mexican-American groups pressed the U.S. Justice Department to bring federal charges against the Hanigans. At first, Government officials refused, contending that the civil rights statutes did not protect illegal aliens. The decision so angered Antonio Bustamante, a Douglas native studying at the Antioch College of Law in Washington, D.C., that he started a campaign resulting in a federal indictment of the Hanigan brothers for violating the Hobbs Act, which prohibits interference in interstate commerce. By torturing the Mexicans, reasons the indictment, the Hanigans prevented the aliens from working in the U.S. The case marks the first time the Hobbs Act, usually reserved for prosecuting mobsters, has been used in a civil rights case. If the Hanigans are convicted, aliens will for the first time have legal redress against harassment by U.S. citizens.

DICK ROSE

Thomas (left) and Patrick Hanigan outside the federal courthouse

A case that has stirred old enmities and roused passions on both sides of the border.

Thus the trial, now in its fourth week, is being closely monitored by Mexican Americans. Every day they pack the courtroom's ten benches. Others march outside, carrying signs reading PROSECUTION, DO YOUR JOB and JUSTICE FOR ALL. Mexican Americans resent the fact that the jury again is all white and criticize the Government attorneys for not better preparing the three aliens for the witness stand. Meanwhile, the Hanigan brothers sit impassively in court, scribbling endless notes as they listen to testimony. Their defense is simple: they contend that they were elsewhere when the aliens were tortured. If convicted, the Hanigans face up to 20 years' imprisonment.

Many in Douglas feel that if the brothers did beat the Mexicans, they were justified in doing so, for the region has long been plagued with burglaries committed by aliens. "Many ranchers feel they get burglarized all the time, and they feel it's about time someone did something about it," observes Milton Jamail, a University of Arizona researcher. Patrick Hanigan's trailer home had indeed been robbed a month before the alleged tortures took place. Others argue that the Hanigans, guilty or not, have suffered enough. The Hanigan home for example, has been peppered by rifle shots. "It's water under the bridge, and people don't even remember the details of the alleged crimes any more," claims Grocer Dolores Zavala.

Others remember all too well. Says Sister Corina Padilla, a Dominican missionary nun in Tucson: "This kind of violence isn't unusual. In fact, it's quite normal." Adds Ruben Sandoval, a San Antonio attorney observing the trial: "This is still the kind of place where white supremacy reigns, and others have to fight to survive. This is the wild, wild West." ■

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Past Defended

Weatherwoman surrenders

When she disappeared, fleeing from the explosion-shattered wreckage of a Manhattan town house, Cathlyn Platt Wilkerson was so perfect a symbol of the times as to be almost a macabre caricature. The date was March 6, 1970, and American society was torn by the tensions generated by the Viet Nam War and the preceding decade's civil rights agitation. Middle-class and wealthy youths were burning draft cards and marching in the streets shouting hate at the Establishment that had nurtured them. A few went beyond revolutionary rhetoric to amateur terrorism, and among them was Cathy Wilkerson

From a wealthy family and well educated (Swarthmore '66), she had first joined the radical Students for a Democratic Society and later its violent Weatherman faction, which fought pitched battles with police in Chicago and bombed a police station and a bank in Manhattan. While her father, who owned a string of Midwestern radio stations, was on vacation in the Caribbean, Wilkerson turned over his elegant Greenwich Village home to Weatherman friends, who apparently began making bombs in the basement. A series of dynamite blasts not only demolished the house, but also killed three Weathermen.

For ten years Wilkerson, who was charged with illegal possession of dynamite and criminally negligent homicide, avoided arrest. But last week in Manhattan she turned herself in. At 35, she is a different kind of symbol from the one she had been in 1970. Now she seemed spiritually akin to the Japanese soldiers who stumbled out of Pacific jungles 20 years after the end of World War II, still vowing to win for the Emperor.

Wilkerson said she had surrendered for "personal" reasons and would not disclose where she had been for the past decade. The rest of her statement was a diatribe straight out of the '60s. She fumed against U.S. involvement in Viet Nam, as if the war had not ended five years ago. She applauded "fighters for freedom and independence for Puerto Rico," though they have little following even on their own island. She maintained that "the conditions are the same" in the nation as when she disappeared.

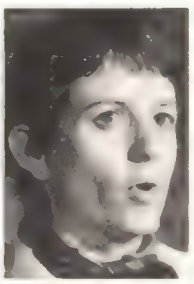
The passions that still move Wilkerson have so cooled that long before she gave herself up, federal authorities had stopped looking for her. The FBI years ago removed the remaining Weatherman fugitives from its most-wanted list and ceased active searching for most of them because they seemed more irrelevant than dangerous.

Other Weathermen who have surrendered have been treated leniently, and there was speculation last week that Wilkerson would be allowed to plead guilty to lesser charges. Meanwhile, ironically, three former top FBI officials, including onetime Acting Director L. Patrick Gray, are awaiting trial on charges of having the agency illegally tap the phones and break into the homes of friends and relatives of fugitive Weatherman members.

The Weatherman faction took its name from a line in a Bob Dylan song: "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows." Cathy Wilkerson seemed oblivious last week to the lesson of another Dylan song: "The times they are a-changin'." ■

Demolished house in Greenwich Village

Wilkerson in 1967



And last week

The times most definitely are a-changin'.

Future Denied

Jacobson is captured

The slight man, his pockets ajangle with quarters, strolled into the Criterion Restaurant in Manhattan Beach, Calif., one afternoon last week and ordered the house specialty, fried zucchini with Parmesan cheese. He then walked to the pay phone and dialed a number in New York City. As he chatted on and on, the telephone rang near by in Manhattan Beach police headquarters. The Brooklyn district attorney's office was calling to ask that the man on the phone in the coffee shop be arrested. The police hustled over, and Sergeant Jack Mair approached the caller from behind. "I tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to identify himself," says Mair. "He looked at me, saw my uniform and my shotgun, and said, 'Howard Buddy Jacobson.' "

Thus ended the 40-day flight of Jacobson, 49, celebrated horse trainer and real estate entrepreneur who was convicted on April 12 of murdering John Tupper, a restaurateur and his rival for the favors of Fashion Model Melanie Cain. Jacobson escaped on May 31 by switching places with a visitor posing as his attorney and simply walking out of the Brooklyn House of Detention. Accompanied by his girlfriend, Model Audrey Barrett, 22, Jacobson drove across the country, stopping briefly in Des Moines to pick up identification papers using names from tombstones in a cemetery. The pair bought a car and camped out or stayed in motels. Jacobson reportedly got money from friends and tried to reach writers, hoping to sell his story

Barrett eventually refused to keep running and surrendered to the Brooklyn district attorney three weeks ago. She reportedly supplied the names of those who had aided Jacobson in his flight, and the district attorney's office got in touch with them. In the end, Jacobson's garrulity did him in. "Buddy was calling up everybody all the time," says one official familiar with the investigation. "The district attorney offered them immunity in return for having their phones tapped."

Whoever Jacobson phoned last week from the Criterion—police refuse to divulge the name of the person—kept him on the line long enough for authorities to trace the call and alert local police. This time Brooklyn District Attorney Eugene Gold will take special care to keep Jacobson under maximum security while he awaits trial on the latest charges against him: escape, forgery and tampering with public documents. ■

Tightly manacled fugitive after arrest

A taste for zucchini and a yen to talk

IRAN

A Hostage Is Set Free

But Khomeini's decision may not help the other Americans

On the 250th day of captivity for the 53 American hostages in Iran, one of them unexpectedly found himself on the way to freedom. Last Thursday Radio Tehran broadcast the text of a message from the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini to President Abolhassan Banisadr. "Considering the humane reasons that are seriously observed by Islam," decreed the Ayatullah, ailing Vice Consul Richard Queen, 28, "should be handed over to his parents so that they may provide treatment for him wherever they wish."

The announcement came as a surprise, even to most Iranian officials. Banisadr learned of Khomeini's decision only a few hours before the radio announcement. Half a world away, Jimmy Carter heard the news in Anchorage, Alaska, where he was stopping over on his way home from his visit to Japan. Declaring that the U.S. would be "very thankful" for Queen's release, the President quickly added: "The humanitarian thing to do would be to release all the hostages immediately." The next day he spoke with Queen for ten minutes by telephone. Happiest of all were Queen's parents, who have been residents of Lincolnville, Me., since December but last week were visiting a niece in Scarsdale, N.Y., where they used to live. Said Queen's father Harold, a retired RCA executive: "We're tremendously excited. We are just waiting to hear. We're standing by the telephone." Next morning the Queens were flown to London aboard a British Airways jetliner and on to Zurich aboard a U.S. Air Force JetStar for a late-evening reunion with their son.

At first, U.S. reaction was guarded, partly because of so many previous promises from Tehran that have not been honored. But barely six hours after the announcement, the Iranians moved Queen from Martyrs' Hospital in north Tehran, where he had been undergoing treatment for four days, to Tehran International Airport. Queen appeared gaunt but smiled broadly as he told reporters that his illness was "something with the brain, some sort of virus, I'm not sure." Exhilarated by the prospect of gaining his freedom, he continued: "I feel a lot better right now, in the last hour. I'll be going home as soon as possible." Then he walked aboard a Swissair flight to Zurich.

On arrival in Switzerland early Friday morning, Queen was taken from the plane on a stretcher and driven to a Zurich hospital, where he was examined by a group of Swiss doctors as well as a U.S. State Department psychiatrist. The next day Queen and his parents were put aboard a U.S. Air Force jet and flown to the U.S. military hospital at Wiesbaden, West Germany, where the U.S. has set up special medical facilities to care for any of the hostages who may be released. At Wiesbaden a team of doctors were waiting to give Queen a battery of tests. His father was optimistic: "There has been tremendous improvement almost hour by hour. His spirits are great, his mind is clear and his mood is excellent."

Though no final diagnosis had been made at week's end, one of the Wiesbaden doctors told TIME that "it does not appear to be anything terribly serious." In Washington, State Department Spokesman John Trattner denied early reports from Tehran that Queen had a psychiatric problem. Instead, said Trattner, the young diplomat was suffering from some sort of neurological disorder. Among his symptoms: a lack of coordination in his movements, stiffness in his left arm and occasional dizziness. In Zurich, Queen told a reporter that he had been hospitalized in Tehran because his captors thought he "might have a brain virus." He added, "From what I know, I haven't a brain tumor. I really can't say what I do have."

Queen is a graduate of Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y., and the University

Queen arriving in Zurich on stretcher

He wanted to witness history.

Carter and Brzezinski hear of Queen's release

The U.S. reaction: guarded but "thankful."

of Michigan, where he studied Balkan history. Friends last week described him as a likable, studious young man who had long been preoccupied by Communism, in part, perhaps, because his mother is from Bulgaria and his family still has relatives there. He applied for admission to the U.S. Military Academy, was rejected because of poor eyesight, and decided on a diplomatic career instead. Queen chose Tehran as his first overseas post because, as his father explained earlier this year, "he thought it would be extremely exciting to go to a country in revolution. He wanted to witness history, to witness an important moment." But by the time he reached Tehran last August, American diplomats were confined to Tehran and unable to travel around the country. After the embassy seizure, Queen was apparently in a group of five hostages, including two women, that was isolated from the other American captives.

The news of Queen's release was greeted with excitement by the relatives of other hostages. Most agreed with Theresa Gallegos, of Pueblo, Colo., mother of Marine Corporal William Gallegos, who said: "This gives me hope for all of them. I hope he is not too ill to tell us how the others are doing." Aware of the emotions aroused in the other relatives, Queen's father remarked last week: "We hope this means more than just the release of one young man. My first thought goes out to my son, and just split seconds after that, to the fact that there are 52 comrades of my son who are left behind, and that you can never forget."

The view in Washington was that Queen's release was an isolated case and that Khomeini had not had any change of heart on the hostage question. Indeed Iran's chief national prosecutor, Ayatullah Seyyed Karim Mousavi Ardebili, insisted on Friday that the Iranian Parliament would still make the final decision on the hostages—and in its own sweet time. Concluded one top Carter Administration official: "If Queen is in good shape, this could be a gesture of good will, a breaching of the psychological dam. If he is in bad shape, the political significance is diminished." Obviously, he added, "they didn't want a dead hostage on their hands."

In Tehran, some Western diplomats interpreted the release of Queen as "a good signal," possibly even a sort of trial balloon by Iranian authorities to determine how the populace would react. Others saw the release of Queen as a convoluted maneuver by Iran's clerical establishment to embarrass the beleaguered Banisadr. Observed a senior civil servant: "If Banisadr's rivals in the clergy were indeed trying to prove who is boss in Iran, they did an excellent job." Most Iranians believed that Khomeini, who chose to release five women and eight black male hostages last November, had simply decided, once again, to exercise his own arbitrary quality of mercy. ■

An obviously weary Banisadr listens to complaints of an Iranian student

The Man Who Would Be President

He was elected first President of Iran's Islamic Republic last January with 76% of the vote—a seemingly invincible mandate. He had the confidence and blessing of the all-powerful Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, who bestowed upon him command of the armed forces. Confident and ebullient, he promised to rebuild Iran's battered economy in accordance with the Islamic socialist theories he had developed as a doctoral student at the Sorbonne. Yet somehow Abolhassan Banisadr, 46, has become the saddest political casualty of the Islamic Republic; his clerical enemies in the Revolutionary Council have reduced him to a figurehead chief executive, frustrating his every move. Two weeks ago, in an admission of defeat, he handed in his resignation to Khomeini, to be exercised at the Ayatullah's discretion.

What went wrong? Banisadr was apparently both a victim of circumstance and to a large extent responsible for his declining influence. His initial political ascendancy was well planned and executed. During elections to the "Assembly of Experts" that drew up Iran's constitution, he shrewdly managed to become a candidate of the Islamic Republic Party, the principal organization of Iran's orthodox mullahs. Later breaking with the I.R.P., he won a landslide presidential victory. Banisadr was also lucky enough to take office when Khomeini was suffering from a heart ailment; wary of anarchy, the Ayatullah had no choice but to build up the President as the only official with a mandate to govern. Says one insider of the clerical establishment: "Banisadr correctly read Khomeini's recognition of the fact that the clergy are incapable of running the country. But he tried in vain to use Khomeini's professed need for technocrats to gain real power."

The seeds of Banisadr's conflict with the orthodox mullahs were sown in the Assembly of Experts. Banisadr, as a ranking member, tried to modify the sweeping powers of the *faqih*, the supreme theologian who heads the government. That drew the ire of orthodox Muslims, who suspected Banisadr of trying to undercut the clergy. In the January elections to the parliament, Banisadr's supporters were soundly defeated by candidates of the Islamic Republic Party. Led by an archenemy, Ayatullah Seyyed Mohammed Beheshti, the cleric-dominated parliament now threatens to stonewall him as the outgoing Revolutionary Council did. Among other things, it can reject his candidate for the office of Prime Minister, and continue to block his efforts to solve the American hostage problem.

Meanwhile Banisadr had acquired some new enemies and problems. In an electrifying television broadcast last week, he told the nation that a military plot to overthrow his government had been foiled on the eve of a *coup d'état*. Seventeen officers from an armored division had already been put on trial, he said. The plot was said to have been organized at a military base near the western Iranian city of Hamadan. At week's end, there were reports that 350 more conspirators, including such high-ranking officers as the former air force commander and the chief of the rural police, had been arrested in what appeared to be an attempt to purge the armed forces of all non-Islamic elements. One member of the Revolutionary Council said: "The plotters wanted to release the American hostages, then take some high officials as hostages and bomb important places such as the residence of the Ayatullah Khomeini."

LEBANON

Mafia Morals

Christian vs. *Christian again*

When Lebanon's Christians and Muslims are not fighting each other, they are apt to be warring among themselves. Last week, as various Muslim groups skirmished with each other in West Beirut, a far more important fight took place between Christian militia armies in East Beirut and along the coast to the north of the capital. The Phalangists of Pierre Gemayel virtually wiped out the forces of their chief rival, National Liberal Party Leader (and former President) Camille Chamoun, thereby emerging as the dominant Christian military group in Lebanon.

The clashes started two weeks ago, after the Chamoun group offered to turn some of its military positions over to the Lebanese army and the Phalangists objected. On Sunday, July 6, Gemayel's elder son Amin visited a beach resort of the National Liberal Party and assured his rivals that the Phalangists would not retaliate for the fighting. He even stayed for lunch and a swim. The very next morning, however, Chamoun's followers were attacked by 800 Phalangist troops under the leadership of Amin Gemayel's younger brother Bashir, head of his faction's "war council." The savage fighting ended two days later after Chamoun ordered his badly outnumbered followers to evacuate their offices and barracks. The estimated casualties on both sides: 100 dead and 300 wounded.

To some observers, the militia leaders appear to have the morals of Mafia dons. The Phalangists' sneak attack was reminiscent of a raid they made in June 1978 on still another Christian faction, the one led by former Lebanese President Suleiman Franjieh. In that attack, Franjieh's eldest son Tony, as well as Tony's wife and infant daughter, was slain by Phalangist gunmen. In their assault on the National Liberals last week, the Phalangists seized and burned the home of Dany Chamoun, the son of the party leader and the commander of the group's militia. Dany was not home at the time, but the Phalangists kidnaped his Australian-born wife Patty and daughter Tracy, 17, and held them for several hours before surrendering them to the Red Cross.

The Phalangists appeared to have had at least two goals: to consolidate their hold over a 400-sq.-mi. Christian-dominated area to the north and east of Beirut, and to merge the various Christian militia units into a Phalangist-run "national guard" consisting of 40,000 men. They reportedly offered Camille Chamoun the titular leadership of the new coalition in return for his cooperation. Dany Chamoun accused the Phalangists of "treachery" and of committing "atrocities." His father said nothing, apparently hoping to protect his followers. Already about 300 members of his defeated militia had taken refuge in areas controlled either by Franjieh or by their old enemies, the leftist Muslim forces.

The aim now, said one Phalangist leader, is "to liberate the rest of the country." That sounded like a prescription for a return to civil war. Muslim groups feared that the Phalangists might put new pressure on the feeble regime of President Elias Sarkis for a *de facto* partition of the country. As for the Palestine Liberation Organization, whose headquarters are in Beirut, it regarded the events of last week as tantamount to "a declaration of war on the Palestinians." ■

Shaka'a busses supporters outside his home

MIDDLE EAST

A Hero Returns

Offers of blood and spirit

"Palestine is ours, Palestine is Arab," chanted welcoming crowds in Nablus on the Israeli-occupied West Bank. Although roadblocks were set up outside the town to prevent nonresidents from entering; hundreds of Palestinians turned out last week to greet Mayor Bassam Shaka'a, 49, who lost both his legs in a terrorist bombing attack in early June. As Shaka'a returned home from treatment in a Jordanian hospital, Arab women ululated in joy and defiance. Two men climbed atop Shaka'a's ambulance and sacrificed a sheep on its roof. Some of the mayor's followers soaked their hands in the animal's blood. "We offer ourselves to you in blood and in spirit, O Bassam!" they cried. Then three men carried the mayor, the stumps of his legs swathed in heavy bandages, to a velvet sofa beneath an awning in his yard. "People of Palestine, I give you my life, my blood and my love!" he shouted.

Israeli authorities consider Shaka'a a supporter of the Palestine Liberation Organization, and he is officially banned from political activity and from giving interviews. He nonetheless warned American reporters that "the situation on the West Bank and in Gaza is more dangerous than at any time before, because the Israeli military government is taking a hard line against our people and institutions." Tensions indeed remain high. Israeli authorities have made little progress in locating the terrorists who maimed Shaka'a and another West Bank mayor, Karim Khalaf of Ramallah. As construction continued on ten new Jewish settlements in the West Bank, three Arabs died in an explosion near Hebron; they had apparently been building a bomb. ■

Bashir Gemayel, leader of the Phalangists' "war council" and the winner in last week's fighting

His aim of "liberation" sounded like a prescription for more civil war.

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Vietnamese pilots readying for takeoff in vintage U.S.-built A-37 strike aircraft, captured in the South after the war

VIET NAM

"We Are Strong and Stubborn"

Its huge military force is well equipped, but stretched thin

Woman paratrooper in training near Hanoi

The messages from Hanoi and Peking crackled with bellicosity. On July 4 the official Viet Nam news agency reported that a protest note had been delivered to the Chinese embassy, charging that Peking's forces had fired "hundreds of mortar shells" at two towns in Hoang Lien Son province. Two days later, Radio Hanoi reported that Chinese gunners had provoked an artillery duel, "causing dozens of casualties and destroying many houses." Peking responded in kind. On July 5 a protest note was sent to Viet Nam's embassy in the Chinese capital, accusing Hanoi of "incessant armed provocations" along the 480-mile border. Chinese newspapers claimed that in the past 14 months, Vietnamese soldiers were responsible for more than 2,000 such provocations and had killed, wounded or kidnaped 240 Chinese civilians

Despite the escalating battle of communiqués, military analysts were doubtful that China was preparing another "punishing" incursion into Viet Nam, like the one that took place 17 months ago. But Hanoi is ready. Since that invasion, the Vietnamese government has engaged in the most massive mobilization effort in the country's war-clouded history. In the space of a year, Hanoi has doubled the size of its regular army to about 60 divisions of some 1 million men. With more than 2.6 million men under arms—many of them in a highly trained, combat-ready militia—Viet Nam has the third largest military force in the world.* Pulling most of its crack divisions out of Vietnamese-occupied Cambodia, Hanoi has massed 250,000 to 300,000 troops along its frontier with China. Another invasion by Peking, Foreign Minister Nguyen Co Thach has warned, would lead to swift and humiliating defeat for the Chinese.

French Photojournalist Jean-Claude Labbé, who took the revealing pictures on these pages, found ample evidence of the military buildup during a recent 2½-month visit to Viet Nam. In Hanoi, Labbé photographed some of the capital's elaborate defenses, including the omnipresent

*After China's 4.4 million regular army and several million paramilitary troops and the Soviet Union's 4 million, and before America's 2.02 million

General Dung (right) with Interior Minister Hung and Premier Dong

Twin battery of Soviet SAM-3 surface-to-air missiles in countryside

Photographs by Jean-Claude Labbe

Soviet-supplied T-54 tanks on Vietnamese army maneuvers near Hanoi

Vietnamese on patrol near coast of China in Chinese-made craft

antiaircraft missiles, as well as Viet Nam's first women paratroopers. For the first time, Hanoi's top leaders posed for an informal group portrait, which included Minister of Defense General Van Tien Dung, who forged Viet Nam's formidable new military machine. Traveling along Viet Nam's northern frontier, Labbé photographed army and navy patrols and some of the country's elite units on permanent border alert.

Almost everywhere, Labbé found evidence of the American pullout in 1975: a huge arsenal of U.S. warplanes, helicopters, tanks, guns and other matériel captured from the disintegrating South Vietnamese army and left behind by U.S. forces. Hanoi's high command has ingeniously combined its multinational matériel. Pilots trained in Moscow fly U.S. A-37 ground-attack jets and F-5 fighter-bombers. Airborne troops drop from Soviet transport planes wearing American parachutes. Chinese-made ships, donated by Peking during the Viet Nam War, have been equipped with new Soviet guns for patrol duty near the Chinese coast.

The Vietnamese are fond of boasting about their superiority over the Chinese forces, in spite of Peking's overwhelming numerical advantage. They like to point out that China's People's Liberation Army has more than 1 million men tied down on the Sino-Soviet border, while other P.L.A. troops are needed to maintain internal security. Hanoi ridicules China's aging MiG-17 and MiG-19 fighters as "toys" that the Vietnamese can easily shoot down. Hoang Tung, editor of the Vietnamese Communist Party daily *Nhan Dan* (The People), told Labbé: "We have a colossal army that has received ultramodern arms from the U.S.S.R. We are strong and stubborn. The Chinese ought to think a million times before they attack us again, because we have never been so powerful and determined as we are now."

Western analysts are not so confident. Like the P.L.A., Hanoi's forces are stretched thin, with 200,000 troops in Cambodia and 40,000 in Laos. Preoccupied with the threat from the north, the Vietnamese have replaced seasoned troops in Cambodia with raw draftees from South Viet Nam. Numerous desertions from Vietnamese army ranks in Cambodia suggest that morale is low among Southern recruits, who lack enthusiasm for Hanoi's cause.

Vietnamese monitoring Chinese outpost

Militiawoman training to use antiaircraft gun on Hanoi rooftop

Troops armed with Soviet AK-47 assault rifles drilling in Hanoi

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Fernando Lugo, architect, and his wife Isabel

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How well would the Vietnamese fare in a full-scale war with the P.L.A.? Man for man, experts believe, the Vietnamese would perform better than the Chinese, who have not fought a major war in 27 years. Says a U.S. analyst: "The regular armed forces are generally well led, well disciplined, well equipped and highly tenacious." China's large, antiquated fleet of fighter-bombers would be no match for Viet Nam's Soviet-supplied MiG-21 interceptors. In the past 18 months Hanoi has received 150 MiG-21s from Moscow. In addition, the Vietnamese air force has acquired a number of Soviet SU-22s—modern swing-wing fighters

The 1.5 million-man Vietnamese militia and 70,000-man regional defense forces are still using captured U.S. arms, but regular units are equipped with Soviet weapons and ammunition. Moscow's aid, which the U.S. Defense Department estimates at $3 million a day, has furnished Hanoi with a wide range of sophisticated equipment, including radar, antisubmarine systems, two frigates and some submarines. The Soviets have also supplied a variety of antiaircraft weapons, including surface-to-air missiles

Viet Nam's party boss Le Duan and Premier Pham Van Dong visited Moscow two weeks ago for a meeting with their Soviet counterparts, Leonid Brezhnev and Alexei Kosygin. Le Duan said that the solidarity of the two allies had given Viet Nam "new great strength" to face its problems, many of which were caused "by collusion between U.S.-led imperialism and Chinese expansionism." Brezhnev responded by agreeing that "China and the U.S. encourage each other in almost everything when it comes to abusing the will of the peoples of Indochina."

Interests of the two Communist allies do coincide, at least for the moment. Hanoi's defenses, as well as its offensive capabilities, depend upon continuing supplies from the U.S.S.R. and the assistance of an estimated 6,000 Soviet advisers based in Viet Nam. In exchange, Soviet reconnaissance planes land at Vietnamese airports and Soviet naval ships have refueling rights at U.S.-built ports at Danang and Cam Ranh Bay. For Hanoi, Soviet assistance is the key to maintaining its present strong position in Indochina For Moscow, the partnership keeps China off-balance and helps the Soviets gain influence in all of Southeast Asia. But fiercely independent Viet Nam is no complaisant puppet. Some Western experts believe that Hanoi did not seek prior approval from Moscow before invading Cambodia in December 1978 to unseat the Pol Pot regime. They also think that if it came to a truly hard choice—accepting further Soviet aid at the cost of forsaking their own goals—the Vietnamese would bite the bullet, as it were, and go it alone. *—By Patricia Blake. Reported by Marsh Clark/Hong Kong and Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington*

DIPLOMACY

"*Cher* Valéry" Comes A-Calling

A colorful visit boosts a flowering European friendship

Not since Charles de Gaulle stepped onto a red carpet at Bonn's Wahn Airport in 1962 had a French President made an official state visit to West Germany. But when Valéry Giscard d'Estaing alighted from his presidential Mystère jet last week, the 21-gun salute that greeted him merely punctuated the close Franco-German ties that have grown particularly strong since Giscard and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt came to power within eleven days of each other in 1974. Although it rained during most of the five-day visit, there were few visible clouds over what British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has sarcastically called the "Franco-German axis."

Giscard and Schmidt seemed to sing the same tune at their Bonn press conference

But the visitor's calls for "independence and power" drew a softer echo from his host.

Only in its ceremonial trappings did Giscard's state visit differ from numerous earlier trips to West Germany for consultations with Schmidt. In fact "*Lieber* Helmut" and "*Cher* Valéry," as they call each other, meet at least six times a year and talk on the telephone about once a week. Their friendship, dating back to the early '70s, when both served as Finance Ministers, rests largely on shared views and temperaments. Both leaders are fiscal conservatives and political pragmatists. In addition, both men face tough re-election battles within the next ten months, leading some cynics to suggest that saturation TV coverage of the two incumbents was the real reason behind the state visit

It was indeed a photogenic journey, studded with fluttering tricolor bunting, fireworks displays and stirring military reviews. Accompanied by his attractive wife Anne-Aymone, Giscard purposely passed up such major cities as Frankfurt, Hamburg and Munich in order to tour what he called *l'Allemagne profonde* (Germany in depth). His stops included Baden-Baden, Kassel, Würzburg and Lübeck, all towns with populations under 230,000. He also made an unscheduled visit to Koblenz, 40 miles south of Bonn, where he was born in 1926; his father was a civilian official with French forces occupying the Rhineland. Often looking more populist than patrician, the spindly French President plunged into the crowds, delighting them with a spate of French-accented German phrases

Politics was rarely absent from the pageantry, and Giscard seized several occasions to assert what he called the "independence and power of Europe." At a state banquet near Bonn, for example, he startled his hosts somewhat by calling for a "renaissance of European influence," led by France and Germany, and "the reappearance of an independent and self-assured Europe in world affairs."

Giscard's strong language prompted West German officials to assure Washington privately that Bonn remained solidly pro-West and pro-NATO. Taking a softer line in his public pronouncements, Schmidt carefully avoided Giscard's themes of "power" and "influence" in favor of blander and more ecumenical expressions of "cooperation and friendship."

Though they differed slightly in their rhetoric, the two leaders announced their "basic agreement on all points" following the two-day official talks that wrapped up the state visit. As Giscard flew off into the low, wet overcast, Schmidt's aides pronounced themselves satisfied that the Chancellor had pleased "*Cher* Valéry" without unduly upsetting Washington or London—no mean task in these delicate times for the Atlantic Alliance. ■

EUROPE

The Great Nuclear Debate

At issue: the future of the French and British deterrents

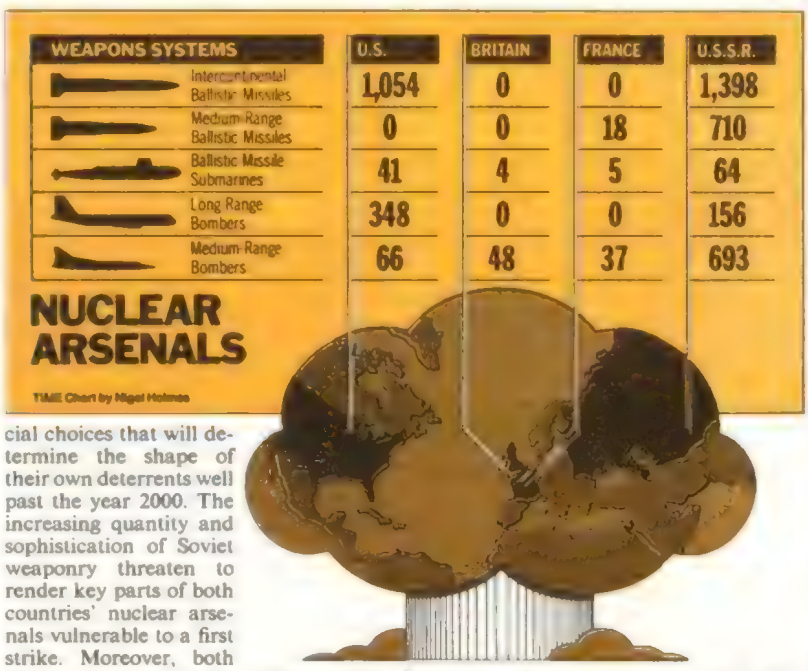
Dec. 31, 1985: Frustrated by a six-year-old East-West diplomatic standoff over Afghanistan, the jittery post-Brezhnev leadership in Moscow sends ten Warsaw Pact tank divisions rumbling across the border into West Germany. Pushing back the outnumbered NATO forces, the invaders head for the French border. As the attacking army crosses the Rhine, the French President orders the use of tactical neutron bombs to protect his country's "territorial independence." In response, a Soviet-made SS-20 missile, armed with three nuclear warheads, rises from its silo in Poland and speeds toward Paris.

In Washington, the President is warned via the hot line that any nuclear intervention in Europe will result in a total thermonuclear assault on the U.S. After several agonizing seconds, the President decides that he cannot take the chance and refuses to order any of NATO's missiles into action. Meanwhile, France and Britain launch submarine-based missiles targeted on Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev. The Soviets detect the oncoming attack, assume Washington has defied their ultimatum and unleash 50 ICBMs against the U.S. Given only 30 minutes' warning, the President now has no choice. He pushes the button. World War III starts and ends within the hour. There are no victors

Chilling scenarios like the one above underlie an urgent nuclear debate that is now taking place within the Atlantic Alliance in the face of the Soviet Union's alarming military buildup in Eastern Europe. Backing up its overwhelming superiority in conventional forces, the Warsaw Pact has also attained a 7-to-1 edge over NATO in intermediate-range missiles; new Soviet-made SS-20s are being deployed at the dizzying rate of one every five days. Last December NATO agreed to install 572 U.S.-made Pershing II and cruise missiles in Western Europe to offset the Soviet advantage. But the strategic parity between the superpowers —especially amid the tensions following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—leads many Europeans to fear the possibility of a limited conflict on their own soil.

That is precisely the kind of devastating war that Continental leaders have always sought to avoid with the protection of the U.S. nuclear umbrella. Seven successive U.S. Presidents, including Jimmy Carter, have emphatically guaranteed that protection. Yet the widely perceived weakness of the present American leadership and the decline of U.S. nuclear superiority have again raised the unsettling question in Europe: Would Washington ever risk Chicago or New York for London or Paris? European worries about America's lack of commitment are surely exaggerated. Nonetheless, many defense experts on the Continent were duly impressed by Henry Kissinger's speech in Brussels ten months ago, in which he warned the European allies to look to their own nuclear defenses. Thus, the British and French deterrent forces, begun two decades ago largely as exercises in prestige, appear to have acquired a certain strategic justification.

Against this backdrop, a momentous debate is growing in France and Britain over the development and future role of the two nations' nuclear forces. The leaders of both countries must soon make crucial choices that will determine the shape of their own deterrents well past the year 2000. The increasing quantity and sophistication of Soviet weaponry threaten to render key parts of both countries' nuclear arsenals vulnerable to a first strike. Moreover, both face the awesome expense of modernization at a time when their economies are still suffering from widespread stagflation.



The French *force de frappe* is an almost sacrosanct institution, embodying Charles de Gaulle's demand 21 years ago that "French defense must remain French." But its three-pronged arsenal is fast losing credibility as a deterrent. The highly accurate new Soviet SS-20s, now numbering 150, could probably annihilate all of the 18 French medium-range (1,875 to 2,175 miles) ballistic missiles. Improved Soviet antiaircraft defenses also compromise the capacity of France's Mirage IV bombers to penetrate Soviet territory. Only the five French nuclear submarines, each carrying 16 M-20 intermediate-range missiles, remain relatively safe from attack. According to French military sources, modernizing these systems will cost an estimated $20 billion at current values over the next decade.

Some basic decisions already have been made by Paris. A sixth nuclear submarine, named the *Inflexible*, will be added to the fleet. By 1985 the new sub will be equipped with 16 missiles, each carrying seven independently targetable warheads. President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is expected to announce plans for even more sophisticated submarines in September. He disclosed three weeks ago that the land-based French missile force will be moved out of its silos and mounted on mobile missile launchers. Meanwhile, the warheads on the 18 missiles are being upgraded from 150-kiloton to one-megaton size—a 567% increase in destructive power.

Beyond its strategic forces, France intends to beef up its tactical nuclear arsenal. The most significant decision in this domain will be whether or not to produce an Enhanced Radiation Weapon (ERW), commonly known as the neutron bomb *(see box)*. General Pierre Gallois, a nuclear strategist and former military adviser to De Gaulle, has protested that adding this effective tactical weapon to the country's arsenal would amount to abandoning the French policy of massive retaliation in favor of the "flexible response" on which U.S. nuclear doctrine is based. The French military, which want the neutron device, respond that it is simply another tactical nuclear weapon.

Many Gaullists also suspect that the neutron warheads, which could theoretically be used in the defense of West Germany, would mean departing from De Gaulle's narrow precept of defense only of French soil. Giscard denies any breach of

Gaullist military orthodoxy, but defense experts do detect signs of a shift in France's strategic emphasis. Says Pierre Lellouche, of France's Institute for International Relations: "Now that the U.S. commitment is in doubt, we just can't say we don't care what happens to Germany."

Most military experts expect that France will proceed with production of the neutron bomb, if only because a long delay might appear as backing down under Soviet disapproval. For once, if he proceeds, Giscard will have the backing of both his West German and U.S. allies. Pentagon sources feel that, if Western Europeans accept a French decision to make a neutron warhead, allied governments might be more willing eventually to accept the U.S. equivalent on their soil.

Some French military experts, including former Cabinet Minister Alexandre Sanguinetti and retired General Georges Buis, have called for the creation of a joint European nuclear defense program that would combine French know-how with West German financial resources. The obstacles to such cooperation remain almost insurmountable. The London agreements of 1954 concerning West German sovereignty and membership in NATO forever precluded the acquisition of atomic weapons by Bonn, and Moscow has made it clear that it would never tolerate a West German finger on the nuclear trigger. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt last week reiterated a long-standing West German promise that "we are not a nuclear power, nor do we intend to become one."

Britain's nuclear debate is less concerned with doctrine than with money. Specifically, the question is whether the British should buy 80 U.S.-built Trident missiles (range 4,350 miles) to replace the aging 2,880-mile Polaris in a modernized nuclear submarine force. The costs of the Tridents plus their British-made warheads and five new submarines are estimated at $10 billion, to be absorbed over 15 years. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Tory government appears to be set on the Trident option, and the Iron Lady is expected to announce that decision to the Commons later this month. The announcement will probably spark strong opposition.

One prominent opponent of the government plan is Lord Carver, a distinguished scholar who commanded an armored brigade during World War II. He believes Britain's outdated nuclear force serves no useful military purpose and should be integrated into the NATO command. He can envision no circumstance under which Britain would launch, on its own, a nuclear strike against the Soviet Union. Other critics argue that some form of nuclear independence should be maintained but call for cheaper alternatives.

One option would be to continue the Polaris system but build it around modernized warheads and the replacement of aging submarines. That scenario would not be feasible unless Lockheed, Polaris' builder, could be persuaded to keep its production line open to provide the missiles for the new Royal Navy subs. A second alternative is a system of cruise missiles that could be mounted on ships, Hovercraft or trucks. Proponents of this plan estimate that Britain could buy and arm 150 cruise missiles for less than $2 billion. The hitch is that the relatively slow-moving missiles are vulnerable to enemy air defense, according to some experts, and would be dependent on U.S. guidance technology to reach their targets.

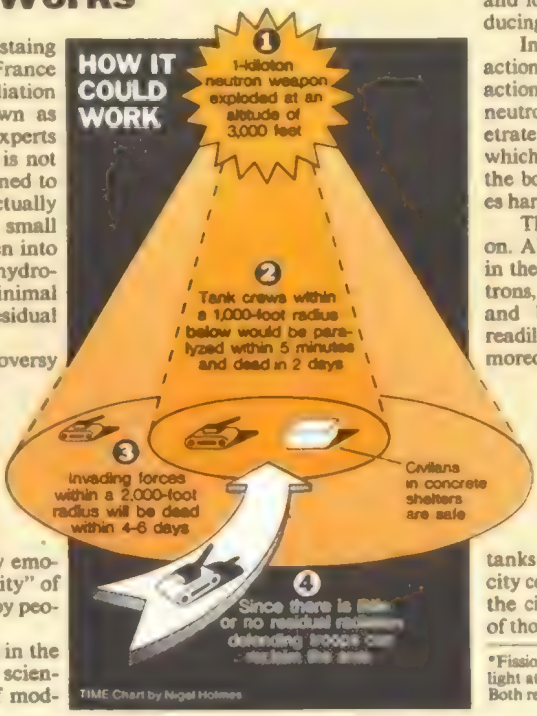
What concerns military planners in both Britain and France is that the spiraling costs of nuclear modernization threaten to bankrupt conventional defense efforts. The British Army of the Rhine, for example, is undermanned and short of ammunition and tanks. Similarly, the state of French ground forces has been described as "catastrophic" by *Le Monde's* military expert Jacques Isnard, who claims that "they have only half the material they need." International Relations' Lellouche shares his concern, gloomily predicting that "conventional forces will have to be cut even more to pay for the nuclear investments."

How the Bomb Works

President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing announced last month that France had tested its own Enhanced Radiation Weapon (ERW), commonly known as the neutron bomb. Military experts point out that the neutron bomb is not a bomb at all, since it is not designed to be dropped from a plane. It is actually a "clean" nuclear warhead, small enough to fit onto a missile or even into a 155-mm howitzer. A modified hydrogen bomb, the ERW produces minimal heat and blast and virtually no residual radiation and fallout *(see chart)*.

It has been the object of controversy since the announcement in 1977 that President Carter was considering its deployment in Western Europe. He later announced that the U.S. would temporarily shelve production of the neutron bomb in hopes of gaining fresh Soviet concessions in the SALT II negotiations. Meanwhile, a highly emotional debate arose on the "morality" of a weapon that is designed to destroy people but not property.

The ERW was first envisioned in the 1950s by a group of Rand Corp. scientists. They were seeking ways of modifying the hydrogen bomb to enhance and focus its radiation effects while reducing its devastating explosive blast.



In a hydrogen bomb, a fission reaction at the core triggers a fusion reaction,* which releases a rapid burst of neutrons. These neutrons have to penetrate an outer shield of uranium 238, which reduces their velocity, increases the bomb's explosive punch and releases harmful radioactivity.

The ERW is basically a fusion weapon. About 80% of its energy is released in the form of a flow of high-speed neutrons, and only 20% in the form of heat and blast. The high-speed neutrons readily penetrate iron or steel, so armored tanks are no protection to the crews inside them.

For this reason, many military experts see the neutron weapon as a deterrent to large concentrations of Soviet bloc tanks in Eastern Europe, which currently outnumber NATO forces by 27,900 to 11,000. Invading tanks approaching a Western European city could be stopped without destroying the city itself, possibly saving the lives of thousands of civilians.

*Fission splits atomic nuclei apart; fusion forces light atomic nuclei together to form heavy nuclei. Both reactions release large amounts of energy

For its part, Washington is pleased not only with Britain's apparent choice of Trident but also with the French decision to upgrade its *force de frappe*. "Independently of whatever the French doctrine may be," notes Gregory Flynn, a U.S. strategic expert at the Paris-based Atlantic Institute, "the existence of a French nuclear force is an additional factor of uncertainty for the Soviets." British Defense Secretary Francis Pym justifies the nuclear modernization policy on the same grounds: "Whereas [the Thatcher] government has absolute confidence in the U.S. commitment to Europe . . . a NATO defense containing these powerful independent elements is a harder one to predict and a more dangerous one to assail."

Some critics would answer that the modest size of those deterrent forces lack credibility in light of 1) the Soviets' overwhelming superiority and 2) the inability of the Europeans to agree on a truly unified defense policy. Beyond that, the independent British and French nuclear forces threaten to compromise future arms limitation talks. Soviet President Brezhnev has indicated a willingness to begin discussions with NATO on mutual reductions of European-based missiles. But he also insisted on the inclusion of British and French nukes in SALT III talks —if and when they get under way. Paris and London have given prior warning that they will not put their missiles on the bargaining table at SALT III. If this position holds, U.S. missiles might have to be traded off in their place, further weakening the American umbrella and driving a potential wedge between the U.S. and its allies. That would be an unfortunate and ironic result of Europe's search for a credible deterrent ■

JAPAN

Unity Candidate

Deals in a smoke-filled room

At a reception for foreign dignitaries attending funeral services for Masayoshi Ohira, friends introduced the smiling, self-assured man as "our next Prime Minister." He vigorously shook hands with Chinese Premier Hua Guofeng, and confided to President Carter: "I should like to do my best to develop the relationship with your country further."

Barring an unlikely last-minute reversal of form, Liberal Democratic Party members of Japan's Diet (parliament) will meet this week to elect—unanimously, according to most predictions—a new party president to succeed Ohira, who died four weeks ago. Two days after that, the Diet's House of Representatives (lower house) will assemble to endorse the Liberal Democrats' choice as Japan's new Prime Minister. He is Zenko Suzuki, 69, a little-known party wheel horse who unexpectedly emerged last week as the compromise candidate of the Liberal Democrats' feuding factions. Even some of "Zenko-san's" colleagues were surprised by the choice. Said Liberal Democrat Jushiro Komiyama: "It's amazing. He surfaced almost out of the blue."

Front-runner Suzuki

Suzuki is almost as much a political mystery to his fellow countrymen as he is to foreign diplomats. Although he has sat in the Diet's lower house for 33 years and served for nearly seven years as chairman of the Liberal Democrats' executive board, Suzuki has never held a key Cabinet post. A term as head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs or Finance is normally considered a requisite proving ground for future Japanese Prime Ministers. Inside the Diet, however, Suzuki has been highly regarded as a tough negotiator with a particular knack for settling party disputes

A small businessman's son from the underdeveloped Iwate prefecture of northern Japan, Suzuki ran successfully for the Diet in 1947 as a Socialist, but later switched party allegiance. After Ohira's death, he assumed the leadership of the faction. At a conclave of party elders last week, he apparently made a few backroom deals that cemented the support of two powerful Liberal Democratic factions led by former Prime Ministers Kakuei Tanaka and Takeo Fukuda. And thus, as one party elder put it, "the drama was all over even before the curtain was raised."

Some Tokyo newspapers grumbled that Suzuki had been selected as party boss by *mishitsu*—roughly translated, the Japanese equivalent of a smoke-filled room. Said the daily *Asahi*: "Factional considerations have all but eliminated discussion of the ideals and policies to be demanded from Japan's political leadership." As an unproven novice in international politicking, Suzuki starts out as a potential caretaker, who will need to unify the warring factions of his party so that it can govern effectively. For the moment, no one is discounting his chances. After all, his given name, Zenko, literally means "good luck." ■

A Da Vinci Lost

There was a time when the 33,000-ton passenger liner *Leonardo da Vinci* was one of the Italian Line's gems. Last week, after the ship had sat idle for two years in the port of La Spezia, fire broke out on board; when the flames were doused four days later, the *Leonardo* had leaned over on its starboard side and settled in 40 ft. of water in the port's main channel.

Withdrawn from transatlantic service in 1975 because of huge deficits, the *Leonardo* was decommissioned in 1978. At one point there had been hope that the vessel, with accommodations for 1,326 passengers, could be converted into a floating hotel. Its sister ships, the *Raffello* and the *Michelangelo*, were purchased by Iran before the 1979 revolution for $18 million each, and are now used as floating barracks. The *Leonardo's* estimated scrap value: a little more than $1 million.

The fire-ravaged *Leonardo da Vinci* lies capsized in shallow water at La Spezia

Building Bridges in Brazil

John Paul II arouses fervor and preaches justice and unity

At a Mass near the mouth of the Amazon, the white-robed celebrant blessed pythons, tortoises and wild boars. During a motorcade through the city of Salvador on Brazil's coast, crowds threw flowers, danced sambas and fired off skyrockets. Some Brazilians spent hours in drenching rain or under a blazing sun just for a glimpse of Pope John Paul II. As in Zaïre last May, the papal pandemonium also produced tragedy: three people were trampled to death and 30 injured during a stampede into a stadium in Fortaleza.

Still, the twelve-day papal visit to Brazil that ended last week was perhaps the most triumphal of the globetrotting Pope's seven journeys. From the prosperous southern metropolis of Porto Alegre to the impoverished agricultural lands of the north, the Polish-born Pontiff proved a spellbinding presence, drawing crowds of a million or more on at least six occasions. Smiling, kissing babies, entering the hovels of the poor, John Paul also spoke on almost every national problem—Indian rights, rural poverty, urban slums, labor struggles, human rights. Yet he mixed his appeals for social justice with stern warnings against violence and Marxism.

The Pope's 9,000-mile pilgrimage within Brazil came at a time when relations between the Vatican and bishops of the largest Roman Catholic nation were badly strained. Many Brazilian bishops resent the Vatican's investigation of Leonardo Boff, Brazil's leading proponent of "liberation theology," which is built upon Marxist economic theory. When the Vatican asked Progressive Paulo Evaristo Cardinal Arns to discourage a meeting of liberation theologians, he pointedly ignored the request. In turn, the Pope has rejected the suggestions from the Brazilians in his past four appointments of new bishops for their country.

But Brazil's progressive bishops and clergy were delighted by the Pope's bridge-building gestures toward them. In Recife, John Paul warmly—and publicly—embraced Archbishop Hélder Câmara, 71, detested by the conservative military regime for his advocacy of peasant rights; Dom Hélder had not been seen on Brazilian television in eight years. In Salvador, the Pope issued a blunt warning to Latin America's rulers: "The realization of justice in this continent presents a clear dilemma: either it will be done through profound and courageous reform, according to principles that express the supremacy of human dignity, or it will occur—but without lasting results and without benefit for mankind—by the forces of violence." In other words: change now or face bloody revolution.

Riding into Recife with Archbishop Câmara

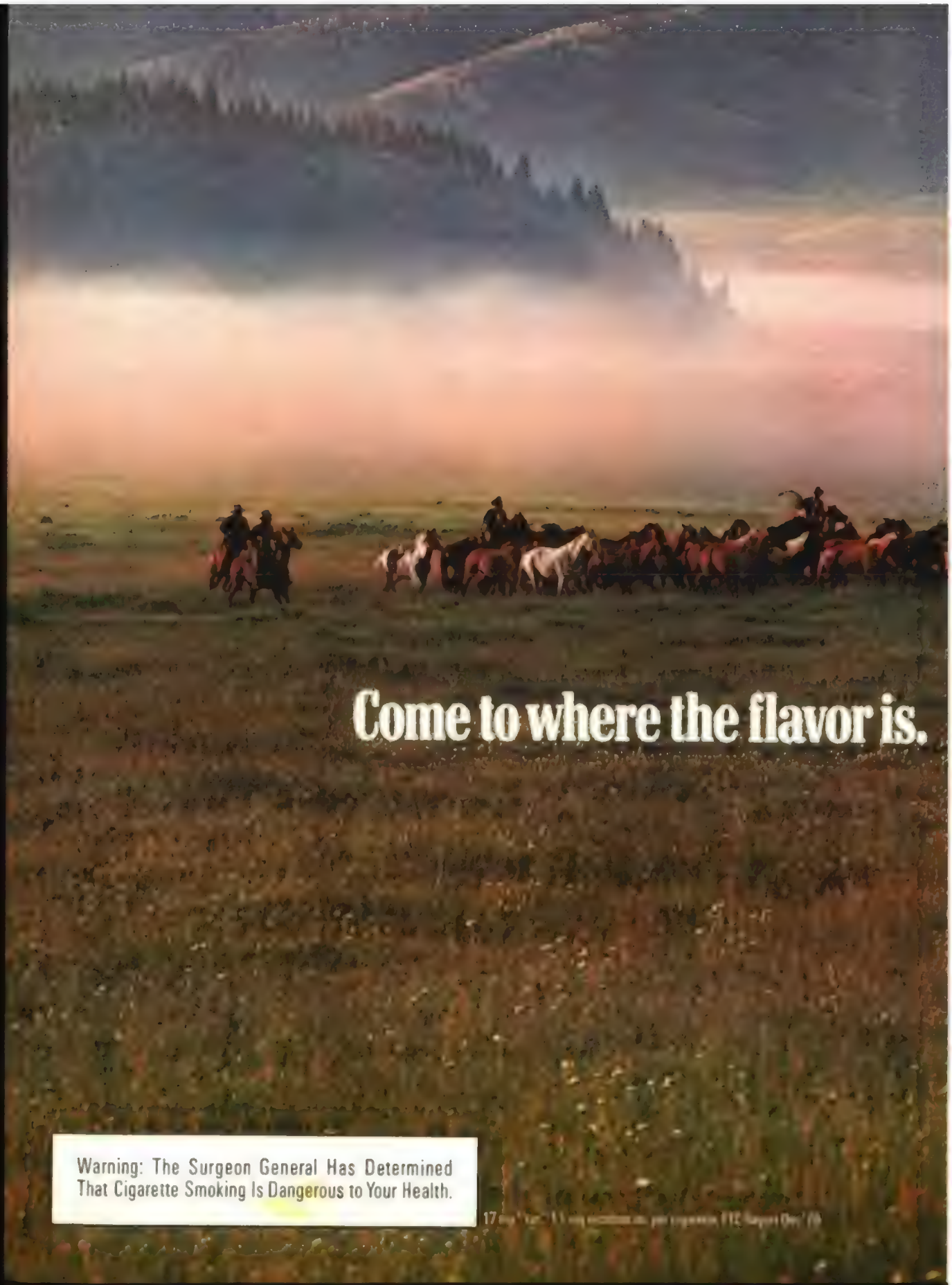
If liberals thought they had captured their visitor, John Paul quickly indicated that his liberal social views were entwined with a strong streak of conservatism. At an eight-hour session with most of Brazil's 345 bishops at Fortaleza, he told them they had the "right and duty to practice a social pastorate." But he firmly attached three conditions: there must be no sacrifice of spiritual mission, no "participation in political party activity" by the clergy and no Marxist "concentration of all in the hands of the state." Said the Pope: "We are not experts in politics or economics ... We are ministers of the Gospel."

The Pope also touched on some particularly Brazilian problems. As many as 40 million Brazilians mingle their Roman Catholicism with spirit cults, the most popular being Candomblé, brought from West Africa by slaves. At a Mass in Candomblé country, John Paul repeated a theme of his African tour: Christianity can accept the "cultural expressions of any people," but must not "mutilate" its own teachings. The Pontiff also sought to heal breaches within the church itself, advising the hierarchy to compromise and avoid squabbling.

It remains to be seen whether soothing words will help ease the Brazilian church's other chronic problem: a manpower shortage. There are only 13,000 priests—40% of them foreigners—in a nation of 120 million people. Because many of the most outspoken activist priests are foreigners, the regime is proposing a tougher immigration law that could cause serious trouble for the missionaries. Though many Brazilians contend that the celibacy requirement is to blame for the difficulty in recruiting priests, the Pontiff believes that a loss of priestly identity is at the root of the problem. With his visit, the Pope offered a stunning demonstration of how he envisions the priestly role: one in which political involvement is carefully limited and thus is all the more effective. As one government official acknowledged last week, "Brazil is not likely to remain the same." *—By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by George Russell and Wilton Wynn/Rio de Janeiro*

Slum dwellers of Salvador wait knee-deep in water to greet John Paul

A choice for Latin American rulers: courageous reform now or violent revolution later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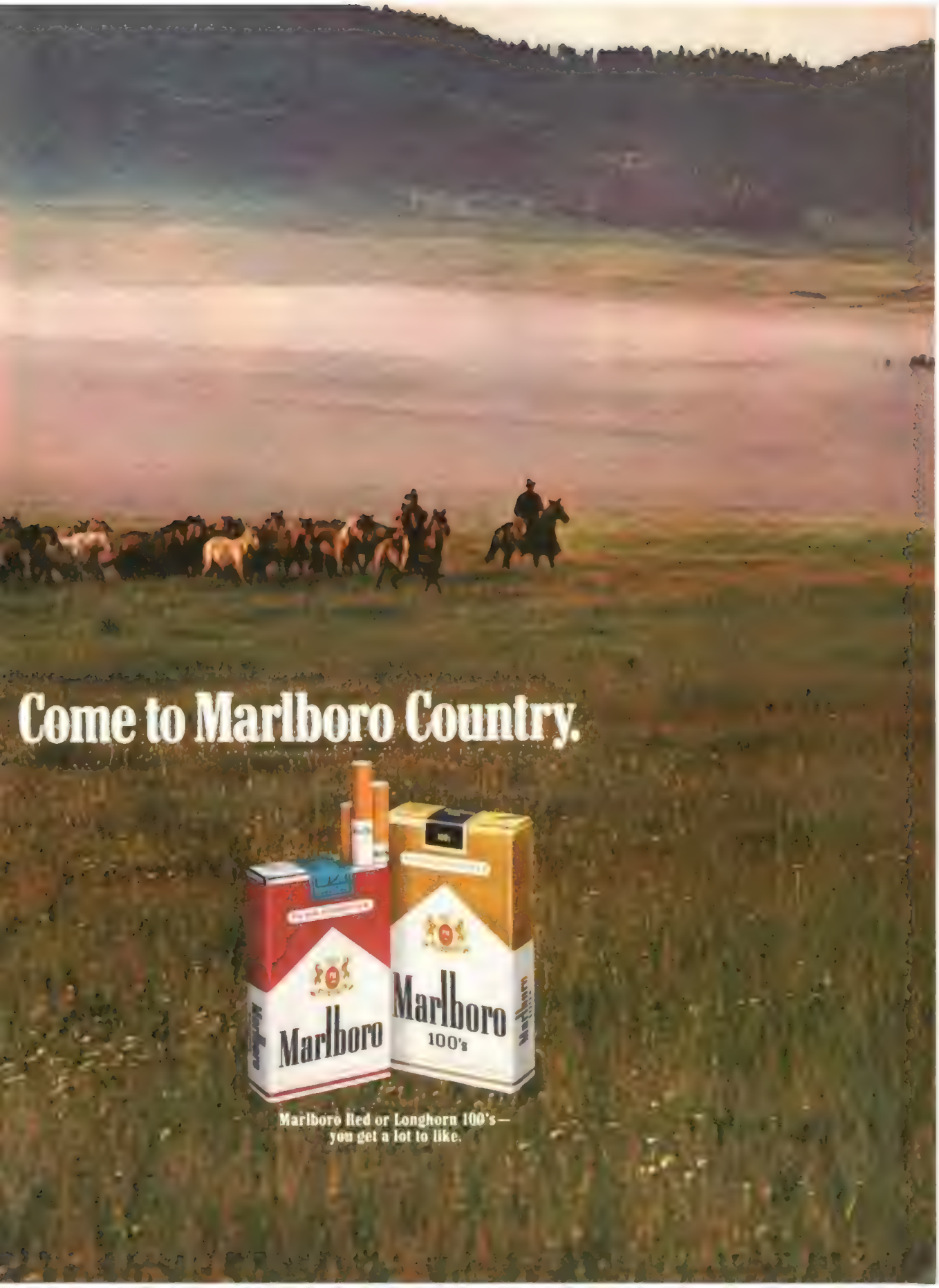
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In a time of revolution, signs of the new: Malevich's *Suprematism*, 1920, and (right) a collage from Rozanova's *Universal War* suite, 1916

Art

From Russia with Abstraction

In Los Angeles, a fresh view of a vanished avant-garde

In many ways, Russian art around the time of the Revolution of 1917 was the supreme model of avant-garde activity. It was consciously radical and hopeful. The artists hoped for the collapse of the old and saw themselves as collective makers of the new. Radical politics and radical art, for once, went hand in hand.

The disappointment was as great as the hope. By 1930, Stalinist terror had set out to destroy all that was best in the visual culture of Russia: painting, sculpture, design, film. By 1950, the destruction was done. To this day the most brilliant moment of revolutionary aspiration in the history of Russian art remains not only unofficial but actively repressed within the borders of its own country. Last year the U.S.S.R. sent a mammoth consignment of modernist Russian art to the Pompidou Center's exhibition, "Paris-Moscow, 1900-1930"—while at the same time ensuring, by the threat of cancellation, that no proper discussion of the relations between art and politics in postrevolutionary Russia could be raised in the catalogue. (Needless to say, the show could not be seen in the Soviet Union in any form.)

The appetite for information about early Russian modernism, however, grows daily in the West; and so the most interesting exhibition in the U.S. this summer is undoubtedly "The Avant-Garde in Russia, 1910-1930: New Perspectives" at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. This is the most intelligent survey of the subject yet done by any museum. It is not definitive, since its curators—Stephanie Barron and Maurice Tuchman of LACMA—decided to use material only from Western collections. But it is admirably precise in historical judgment and informed as to selection; and, strange to say, it is the first show of its kind in America. After closing at LACMA, it will be seen at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington in late fall.

Pioneer Abstractionist Vasili Kandinsky's cup and saucer, 1922

Between mysticism and politics, the hope of a universal art.

The astonishing thing about Russian art of this period is its sustained inventiveness. Artists who based their work on the available prewar styles of avant-garde art—mainly Fauvism, cubism and futurism—were able to digest and develop them with tremendous speed and urgency, leaping beyond their prototypes like pole vaulters. To see this at work, one need only look at the development of Vladimir Tatlin's sculpture after his first contact with Picasso's tin cubist *Guitar*, 1912, in Paris, or at the conviction with which Kasimir Malevich moved from cubism to a purely abstract painting.

If these artists' relation to the work of the immediate past was marked by an exhilarating sense of intellectual risk, their glimpses of the future seem wholly prophetic. Time and again in LACMA's exhibition, one sees paintings and sculpture, modest in scale though not in ambition, that anticipate Western artists by half a century. Ivan Kliun (1873-1943) had most of Ellsworth Kelly's best ideas by 1917. Olga Rozanova's *Color Construction, Green on White*, 1917, a vertical stripe down the middle of a field, is a Barnett Newman "zip" 30 years before Newman, and her exquisite collages in the suite entitled *The Universal War*, 1916, with their energetically dancing shapes of pure color on a plain ground, predict the chromatic intensity and drawing of Matisse's "Jazz" cutouts.

The presence of such women artists in revolutionary Russia—others, better known, included

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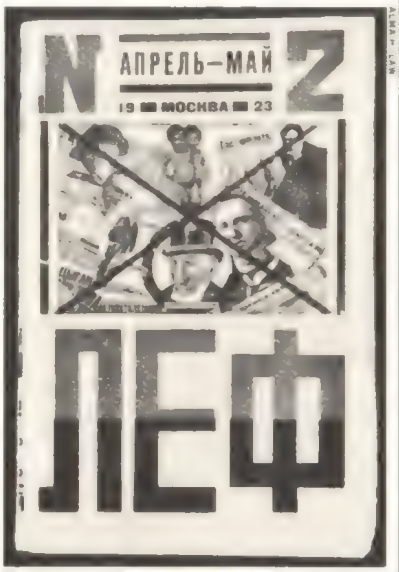
Art

Alexandra Exter, Natalya Goncharova and Lyubov Popova—suggests that the Russian avant-garde was the only great movement of modernism in which women really did work on equal terms with men. For once, neither talent nor the will to show it seems to have been obstructed by notions, conscious or not, of sexual class. This sense of equality existed in advanced Russian cultural circles before 1917; it was in no sense a product of the revolution. But it remained a feature of revolutionary art's impulse to discard cultural hierarchies.

"No torture chambers of the academies will withstand the days to come," Malevich announced in 1915. "The void of the past cannot contain the gigantic constructions and movement of our life." Yet Malevich's pure abstract paintings, like *Suprematism*, 1920, are very traditional in one respect. He wanted them to work like Russian icons: spiritual emblems with the ideal forms of geometry (somewhat skewed) replacing the effigies of the Virgin and St. Basil. To make this clear, Malevich—whose part of the famous "Last Futurist Exhibition of Pictures: 0-10" of 1915 in Petrograd is partially reconstructed in Los Angeles—went so far as to hang his suprematist compositions facing out from the "holy corner" of the room, the traditional spot for major icons.

Despite the intense spiritual yearnings of Malevich and Vasili Kandinsky (1866-1944), the weight of the Russian constructivist endeavor lay on the side of materialism. (Kandinsky made one of his rare concessions to that in 1922, by designing crockery.) Constructivism called for an art of clear substance—iron, wood, celluloid—put in clear, open relationships.



Book cover by Alexander Rodchenko, 1923

For the masses, "the art of five kopecks."

A key word was *veshch*, "the thing in itself," as opposed to metaphor and mystification. Such artists as Tatlin, El Lissitzky and Rodchenko saw themselves as social engineers. To them, the materials of modern production would make for an intrinsically democratic art whose speech would connect in a natural, inevitable way to mass labor. "A futurist picture lives a collective life, by the same principle on which the proletariat's whole creation is constructed," claimed Natan Altman. "Down with ART," cried Alexander Rodchenko, "the shining patches on the talentless life of a wealthy man!"

In pursuit of what their ally, Lenin's Commissar of Education Anatoli Lunacharsky, called "the art of five kopecks," Rodchenko and Lissitzky changed the history of typographic design, posters and book illustration. Most new developments in those fields for the next decade would owe a debt to their clean, urgent didacticism. Even when Lissitzky was at his most abstract, in his "Proun" paintings of the '20s, for example, the arrays of blocks and bars seem as much a product of the engineer as of the painter, as though they were blueprints—speculative, rigorous and infused with faith—for the New Jerusalem.

But the Russian modernists' work was too new, and repressed too early, to have any lasting social effect. The big building projects (Tatlin's steel *Monument to the Third International*, or Alexander Vesnin's *Palace of Labor* for Moscow) could not be put up in a shortage economy. The avant-garde, Lenin pithily remarked, had to "live on its enthusiasm"; the state had nothing to spare, and red triangles had nothing to say to half-literate machinists from Magnitogorsk. To Stalin, the modern artists were bourgeois formalists: tiny specks of free imagination on the illimitable eyeball of his power. One by one, they were wiped away. They lost their studios and their jobs; their work was censored and ridiculed. Some, like Mikhail Larionov and Goncharova, died paupers in the West; others were claimed by the Gulag; most survived in the Soviet Union, their careers shattered along with their hopes. What they left was the last subterranean art, which, fragmented and decimated, still displays its fragile triumph over Stalin and his heirs. Whether its message can possibly survive the greed of the Western art market, however, is another question. —*By Robert Hughes*

Milestones

BORN. To **Debby Boone Ferrer,** 23, pop singer *(You Light Up My Life)* and daughter of Balladeer Pat Boone, and **Gabriel Ferrer,** 22, her personal manager and son of Singer Rosemary Clooney and Actor José Ferrer: an 8-lb. ½-oz. son; in Los Angeles. Name: Jordan Alexander

MARRIED. Angela Davis, 36, firebrand central committee member of the U.S. Communist Party and its candidate for Vice President this year; and **Hilton Braithwaite,** 36, lecturer in photography at San Francisco State University, where Davis also teaches; she for the first time, he for the second; in Birmingham

MARRIED. Raquel Welch, 39, sometimes reluctant cinematic sex symbol; and **André Weinfeld,** 33, French film writer and director, whom she met two years ago on location in France; she for the third time, he for the first; at Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, the southernmost tip of the Baja California peninsula.

DIED. Marcus Vinicius Cruz de Mello Moraes, 66, Brazilian poet, dramatist and lyricist who collaborated with Composer Antonio Carlos Jobim on the international hit *The Girl from Ipanema* and on the musical drama *Orfeu da Conceição*, which became the basis for the film *Black Orpheus;* of a lung ailment; in Rio de Janeiro. Moraes served in Brazil's diplomatic corps until the country's puritanical military bosses fired him for his "vagabond" ways, which included nine marriages. In his later years he was a fixture at Rio's all-night cafés and clubs, where he sang for his supper the bossa nova and samba tunes he helped to make world-famous.

DIED. Dore Schary, 74, prolific film writer and producer, once known as the "boy wonder of Hollywood"; in New York City. Schary wrote more than 40 scripts, among them the Oscar-winning *Boys Town*. Starting in 1941 he also produced or oversaw the production of some 300 films, including *Lassie Come Home, Blackboard Jungle* and *Tea and Sympathy*. Dismissed as head of production at MGM in 1956 because stockholders were unhappy with company earnings, he turned to playwriting. His 1958 *Sunrise at Campobello*, won five Tony Awards.

DIED. Gregory Bateson, 76, English anthropologist, psychologist and free-ranging investigator of ideas; of a respiratory illness; in San Francisco. Bateson contributed to anthropology with studies of primitive cultures in collaboration with his first wife, the late Margaret Mead; to psychology with his formulation of the "double-bind" theory to explain schizophrenia; to cybernetics, of which he was one of the founders; and to the study of animal communications. Convinced that a unity underlies the diversity and change in living things, he asked in his latest book, *Mind and Nature: A Necessary Unity*, "What pattern connects the crab to the lobster and the orchid to the primrose and all four of them to me? And me to you?"

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Friends and Countrymen

Dante and Bacon: friendship of God and men

Friendship among nations usually takes the shape of treaties and alliances, so it is arresting to observe the genuine article from time to time: Anwar Sadat's attentiveness to the Shah, for recent example, or Canada's rescue of U.S. embassy personnel in Iran. Hard hearts like La Rochefoucauld demean such acts as "species of commerce," as debts paid or incurred. Yet most people saw Canada's courage and Sadat's ministrations simply as exertions of affection over inconvenience. And it is fascinating to note the effects that such acts always have on us, how quickly they divert the gaze from politics and toward things more generally human.

But what is friendship exactly? Is it an idea that applies to nations at all? Sociologists, both pop and classical, who write obsessively on all other social relationships stay clear of this one, perhaps because it lends itself more easily to art than to numbers. Even poets have had quite a time with it. Shakespeare, although managing a fine friendship between Hamlet and Horatio, created a ludicrous situation in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, with Valentine preserving his friendship by casually offering to hand over his girl. Painters have rarely touched the subject. The dozen or so versions of *The Good Samaritan* are notable exceptions, but the moral of that parable is really charity, not friendship.

Philosophers have taken to friendship more often and with more zeal, although the subject seems to bring out the worst in them, hitting the soft spots. Emerson waxed so lyrical about it as to sound insincere. Montaigne, who wrote the most beautiful essay on friendship, gave more of a personal tribute to his friend La Boétie than a definition. Bacon, who thought "Of" everything, wrote *Of Friendship* as well, but he was a very bad friend. For one thing, he considered friendship a "hazard," one he avoided neatly by prosecuting his old friend Essex for treason. For another, he was mainly concerned with the practical business of friendship, with what it does rather than what it is. What it is offers more of a problem. When either people or countries smile and say "friend," they can mean anything from darling to sucker.

There are friendships based on passion, on pity, on pleasure, on companionship, on professional advantage, on camaraderie-in-arms, on intellectual agreement, on mutual admiration, on spiritual conviction, on personal advancement, on hero worship, on protection, on fear, on need, on loyalty. None of these elements precludes any other, and most friendships incorporate several of them at once. But every friendship has its own main reason for being, the place that you must reach to repair or destroy it. The places vary. What all friendships, both personal and national, have in common is that they are voluntary. Then, too, they all operate on faith, no matter how reasonable they appear.

In the movie *Frankenstein*, there is a touching scene in which the escaped monster comes upon the cottage of a blind hermit. The hermit, thinking his visitor merely inarticulate and impetuous, calls him friend, which the monster repeats and comprehends. Their idyl is disrupted by the pursuing villagers, but until they arrive the hermit exhibits the essence of friendship. He sees only the man within the monster, holding wider judgments in abeyance, or leaving them to others.

So Samuel Johnson, who mixed gratitude with friendship, defended a benefactor, Henry Hervey, a reprobate despised by everyone else, including Hervey's father. "If you call a dog Hervey," said Johnson to Boswell, "I shall love him." Boswell himself, though no monster, could get on Johnson's nerves, yet Johnson loved him too. His friendship for Boswell was probably based on the need for attentive company, as was Boswell's for him on the need for the approval of an elder. Such friendships between unequals are precarious, but so are all friendships. Passion cools, pleasure fades, pity and hero worship breed resentment, companionship grows boring, need degenerates to dependence, comradeship loses its occasion. Suddenly, it is clear how fragile friendship is, how quickly it can be replaced by enmity, or by nothing.

The one type of friendship that does not break easily is that based on loyalty, since loyalty comes only after an accumulation of other feelings, and must be earned. Friendships among nations, when they mean anything, are based on loyalty, because loyalty incorporates a sense of history. At the same time, loyalty, which is often as blind as love and justice, can also be dangerous. Harry Truman stood by his fellow Missourian, Harry Vaughan, a shady military aide who consorted with influence peddlers throughout Truman's Administration. Ike had his Sherman Adams, Carter his Lance. "I do not intend to turn my back on Alger Hiss," Dean Acheson told reporters in January 1950, citing as his precedent *Matthew 25: 34*.

Greene: friendship of man

In those particular instances, the dangers of loyalty were largely professional. When wider issues are at stake, however, a loyal friend may be a traitor to the rest of us. E.M. Forster, who wrote a moving, if porous, defense of personal loyalty in 1939, of all years, declared: "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country." Forster then went on to concede that his viewpoint might be shocking and called upon Dante for support, arguing that Dante placed "Brutus and Cassius in the lowest circle of Hell because they had chosen to betray their friend Julius Caesar rather than their country Rome." In fact, Forster had it backward. Dante placed Brutus and Cassius in the ninth circle for the same reason he put Judas there, not because the three sinners were disloyal to friends but rather because they were disloyal to Church and Empire, and thus to the divine order of things, which Dante trusted far more than people.

It is telling that Kim Philby's fellow spy, Guy Burgess, was fond of quoting Forster's doc-

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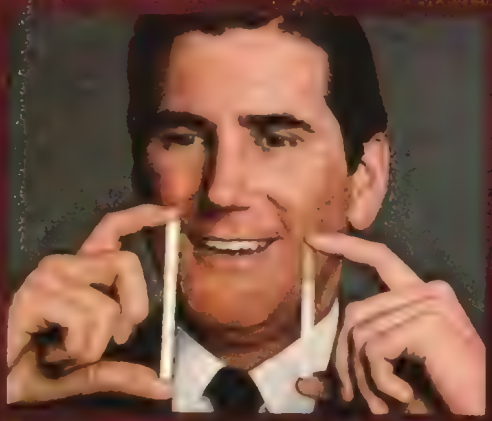

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Essay

trine, since, thanks to a tip-off from Philby, Burgess was able to flee England for the Soviet Union. Not that Forster would have approved of Philby or Burgess; the event merely shows that personal loyalty can sound prettier than it is. In *The Third Man*, Graham Greene created a wholly honest hero, honesty being a tenet of good friendship, who is a loyal friend to an evil man. In the end, Holly Martins betrays the child-murderer Harry Lime because he comes to value the friendship of mankind, or, more abstractly, the friendship of doing right, over that of a single person. That, too, takes guts. Huck Finn, who had both God and friendship on his side, was luckier.

The trick, which no one has yet mastered, must be to choose one's friends so carefully that conflicts of loyalty do not arise. That may be why the New Testament generally ignores the idea of friendship: in order to suggest that individual friendships, like other temporal relationships, should be subsumed in Christianity. Yet Jesus loved John, and even Paul had friends. Whatever grand and lofty purpose friendship may serve, it is still most clearly recognized as something that one individual gives to another, something generous, expansive, akin to love but not exactly love. In a way, it is more difficult than love because it often makes moral demands that love overlooks.

No wonder, then, that the U.S. has suffered some acute headaches this past year watching its allies—its official friends—in various tests and then deciding which of them is worthy of the name. If Britain was true blue in joining the American shout at the Ayatullah, was Australia less of a friend in refusing to support the Olympic boycott? What of France, of France especially, America's oldest international friend, its Revolutionary War buddy? How could it turn its back on the U.S.? The fact is that France, irritating as its behavior may be, as strictly disloyal as it may be, has been behaving more or less as Americans say that they wish their friends to behave: with a glowing, stalwart independence. Ideally, friends may gain a truer understanding of each other when they agree less and diverge more, and ideally, mutual understanding is an aim of friendship. And so, ideally again, the U.S. should have thumped old France on the back it turned. Of course, ideals really have nothing to do with the relationship. The U.S. is sore as hell at France (the U.S. is usually sore as hell at France) because France insists on being itself. Not that being oneself is necessarily a virtue in this instance. Friendship also depends on a shared sense of values.

As the U.S. mulls over the relationship with its allies these days, it may be no more sure of what makes for good friendship than what makes for good government, of where kindliness becomes interference, assistance domination: these are the old familiar battle lines. For their part, the allies may be wondering if the U.S. understood friendship as a true partnership or merely as a kind of protectorate, the protector now petulant and moody after several open rebuffs. Friendship applied to countries is as slippery as that applied to individuals, and must be safeguarded in similar ways. Each side has to realize when it has diverged too far—when, for the sake of the cheap thrill of discomfiting one's friend, it risks the friendship entirely.

The truth is, however, that while countries tend to see themselves as individuals, they are not individuals, and the friendships formed among nations have little of the gentleness and magnanimity, and even the common sense, that we associate with the best of friends. That is what made Sadat's and Canada's behavior so noticeable. The reason that Shakespeare had Mark Antony address his audience as "friends" before "Romans" and "countrymen" is that he knew how the heart leaps up at the smallest signs of brotherhood. Feeling more alone in the world than ever, we also leap at those signs. —*By Roger Rosenblatt*

Medicine

Yellow Light for Tranquilizers

A sugar-coated FDA warning on the use of those popular pills

To relieve their assorted anxieties, tensions and stress, millions of Americans have at one time or another been advised to take tranquilizers. The high-water mark for the pills was reached in the recession year of 1975. But, even though sales are off by as much as one-third, 5 billion pills and capsules were prescribed in 1979 alone, with the popular drug Valium accounting for about a third of the market. But the price of a chemically induced sense of well-being can be stiff. In the eyes of critics, users of the antianxiety drugs can develop a strong dependency, if not an addiction. There have also been instances where tranquilizers have caused severe depression, even convulsions, after withdrawal.

Last week the Food and Drug Administration announced that it is taking steps to help prevent abuse of the popular pills. Henceforth, all the tranquilizer makers will have to include this caveat in their advertising of such products in medical publications and other informational materials: "Anxiety or tension associated with the stress of everyday life usually does not require treatment with an [antianxiety] drug."

The move is an effort to persuade doctors to be more judicious in prescribing such drugs. But the agency's warning is not binding, and doctors will still be able to administer tranquilizers as they see fit. Indeed, some critics regard the action as little more than a sugar-coated placebo that will have little effect. As a consequence, they are calling for even stronger measures to cope with what FDA Commissioner Jere Goyan, a pharmacist, calls "our overmedicated society." One reform proposed by Dr. Sidney Wolfe, head of Ralph Nader's Health Research Group: require doctors to write a new prescription every time a patient wants to buy tranquilizers. Under the FDA's current rules, tranquilizer prescriptions can be refilled up to five times in six months.

Hoffmann-LaRoche Inc., the manufacturer of Valium, as well as the sister drug Librium, says that it agreed with the FDA wording "to help ensure continuation of the appropriate use of our products." In fact, the drug maker backed a continuing medical education program under Dr. Theodore Cooper, outgoing dean of the Cornell University Medical College and former HEW Assistant Secretary for Health. The program's announced purpose was to educate doctors on the diagnosis and treatment of the consequences of stress. Critics charge, however, that it was only a subtle effort to promote continued sales of tranquilizers. ■

REGAN—CAMERA 5

Bottled well-being: Are tranquilizers on the way out?

A placebo for our overmedicated society.

Carter's Auto Rescue Sortie

First aid for Detroit and a new three-way partnership for the industry

Like a battlefield tactician, Jimmy Carter last week jetted halfway round the world in a two-pronged attack on the problems of the American auto industry. First he summoned auto-company officials to a 7:05-a.m. meeting at Detroit's Metro Airport to announce a $1 billion Government assistance program. Then he hopped back aboard Air Force One and flew off to Tokyo for a memorial service honoring the late Japanese Prime Minister, Masayoshi Ohira. Though autos were not on the agenda of the President's 21-hour stay in Tokyo, his Japanese hosts could hardly overlook the well-publicized stopover in the heart of the U.S. auto industry. The message: Jimmy Carter was attempting to rescue the U.S.'s sickest industry, and he wanted Japanese help.

The action promised by the President at the Detroit airport will do little to ease the immediate pain of an American auto depression that has left nearly 300,000 assembly-line workers and white-collar executives jobless. But Carter held out the prospect of something potentially more far reaching: a new "close-knit, permanent partnership" with automakers and their employees.

Specifics of the Carter program:

Regulation. The Government will rescind some costly federal rules, such as emissions standards for pollution-prone high altitude areas like Denver, relax factory standards for worker exposure to toxic materials, and ease up on certain auto durability test requirements. The Department of Transportation promised that it would not issue any new regulations for the rest of the year.

Tax policy. The Treasury Department is studying ways to permit the auto industry to take faster tax write-offs on the new tools and equipment being installed to build smaller, fuel-efficient cars.

Car-dealer assistance. Up to $400 million in federal money will be made available in guaranteed Small Business Administration loans to auto dealers. So far this year some 700 of them have been forced to close their doors.

Community aid. The Administration will provide $50 million to help rebuild old plants in such cities as Mahwah, N.J., Flint, Mich., and Kokomo, Ind., that have been jarred by auto-plant closings.

Trade policy. The President said he would ask for a faster review of the United Auto Workers' request for restrictions on Japanese-car imports.

The automakers reacted cautiously to the White House package. Detroit numbers men, no doubt using their Japanese-made calculators, found some election-year hyperbole in the $1 billion price tag. Said General Motors President Elliott M. Estes: "We can't quite add all that up yet." Most Detroit officials were disappointed that the President had failed to promise an immediate reduction in Japanese imports, as demanded by the U.A.W., Ford and Chrysler. Groused Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca: "It seems almost insane to have 300,000 people on the street here, with the Japanese working Saturdays and Sundays."

Though Japanese cars commanded 22% of the domestic market in June, the Carter Administration continues to oppose import controls. The President's Council of Economic Advisers has calculated that limiting Japanese cars to their 1979 levels, about 17% of American sales, would add only 20,000 U.S. workers to the job force and cost consumers an extra $2 billion in higher auto prices because large American cars are generally more expensive.

General Motors, the only Big Three U.S. carmaker that has opposed import restrictions, demonstrated last week why it may be able to beat back the Japanese challenge. The company unveiled a 1984 two-seat electric commuter car that has a top speed of 50 m.p.h. and a range of 100 miles between rechargings. The firm also declared that the average mileage of its 1985-model car fleet will be 31 m.p.g., well in excess of the 27.5 m.p.g. ordered by the Government.

Ford may have another way of fighting Asian competition. The auto world last week was buzzing with rumors of a

"You don't understand, Gus—to get government help, you have to goof up on a grand scale."

possible deal between that company and Toyota, the only major Japanese producer without any current plans to build cars or trucks in the U.S. After Ford President Donald E. Petersen met in June with Toyota officials, the Japanese press reported that a firm agreement had been reached whereby Toyota would build 20,000 cars a month in an idle Ford plant in the U.S. By week's end, though, both Ford and Toyota strongly denied any such accord.

The key development in Carter's trip to Detroit was the agreement on what Administration officials say could be the model of a national industrial policy. After years of animosity, the American auto industry and the U.S. Government now seem to realize that cooperation is in their best interests. In addition to announcing the relief measures laid out last week, the President said he would appoint a committee of Government, company and union officials to tackle the industry's long-term problems. It will probably consist of Transportation Secretary Neil Goldschmidt, Commerce Secretary Philip Klutznick, Labor Secretary Ray Marshall, the heads of the five U.S. auto companies, and U.A.W. officials. By next week each member is to prepare a list of five priorities for action. The Government will draft its own list of emergency steps. Said Goldschmidt: "There is the potential here for a relationship that would reverse a lot of years of auto-industry problems with the U.S. Government and vice versa."

Much of the credit for this remarkable turnabout belongs to Transportation Secretary Goldschmidt. Carter's first Transportation Secretary, Brock Adams, sternly ordered Detroit to "re-invent" the automobile, and last April the President publicly berated industry leaders for stubbornly refusing to make small cars. But Goldschmidt, the former mayor of Portland, Ore., took the automakers' problems seriously and helped swing Administration opinion round. Prompted by the Government's loan guarantee to Chrysler, Goldschmidt embarked on a long-term study that convinced him the Government simply must help an industry that provides one-sixth of the nation's jobs. A Goldschmidt-led task force designed the proposals that Carter made last week.

The cooperation between Government and industry that Carter has suggested would have been anathema to Detroit's leaders only a few years ago. But today, with sales running at 70% of 1978's levels, the industry has changed its views. Says Chrysler's Iacocca: "We are just taking a page out of the Japanese book. We've got to cooperate."

The trouble is that the Japanese book is written for the Japanese. The close business-government relations found in that country may be difficult to adapt to the U.S. Any new liaison among Washington politicians, Detroit carmakers and the auto workers' union could turn into a very bumpy affair. ■

Hell No, I Won't Go!

Jane Cahill Pfeiffer is the latest casualty at NBC

It was an executive-suite execution acted out like a daytime soap opera. Scanning the newspaper last Tuesday morning, NBC Chairman Jane Cahill Pfeiffer, probably the nation's highest-paid woman executive, saw a story that she had been asked to resign. Pfeiffer, 47, then wrote out an indignant statement and phoned the press. Said she hotly: "It is apparent that there are some who are trying to use the media to get me to quit. I won't quit."

Two hours later, NBC brought down the hatchet. Under pressure from the RCA Corp., NBC's parent, Network President and Chief Executive Officer Fred Silverman announced that he had relieved Pfeiffer, a longtime friend, of her duties. But less than two hours after, Pfeiffer was back on the phone to the press with another venomous dart: "Yesterday Fred Silverman told me that there was no way we both could stay. He didn't ask for my resignation then or ever. He simply stated that the RCA people play hardball and that he would probably follow me out the door in six months." Finally, two days later, Pfeiffer agreed to go quietly in return for a termination-of-contract settlement said to be worth more than $700,000.

TED THAI

Ex-Chairman Jane Cahill Pfeiffer

Some bloodletting in broadcasting.

The Pfeiffer firing was among the messiest in recent American business history, and the departures at NBC may not yet be over. Silverman, an industry legend since he was programming chief at CBS, was also rumored to be on the way out. The latest sacking made RCA Chairman Edgar H. Griffiths, 59, look especially bad. Pfeiffer's executive decapitation came just three weeks after Griffiths summarily dismissed RCA President and Heir Apparent Maurice R. Valente, 51, whom he had recruited from I.T.T. only six months earlier.

Though Griffiths has been credited with making RCA competitive once again in television manufacturing and other electronic products, his record with NBC hardly merits a peacock. In 1976, when Griffiths assumed the throne at RCA, the corporation earned $106.9 million, of which 32% came from the network. Last year RCA earnings totaled only $105.6 million, with NBC accounting for a mere 17%. Said John Reidy, a broadcast-industry analyst with Drexel Burnham Lambert Inc.: "If the broadcast division is not the premiere division in that company, then it is a problem."

Griffiths thought the problem was Pfeiffer. Formerly vice president in charge of corporate communications and government relations at IBM and Jimmy Carter's first choice to be Secretary of Commerce, Jane Cahill Pfeiffer had helped lure Silverman to NBC in 1978, while acting as a management consultant to RCA. After signing on with NBC for a reported $1 million a year, Silverman admitted that his managerial experience was limited and hired Pfeiffer, whose salary and bonus last year came to $425,000, to handle mundane corporate affairs.

Pfeiffer's troubles at NBC began almost as soon as she arrived. She was quickly faced with a nasty $1 million scandal involving expense-account fraud and kickbacks among field-unit managers. Pfeiffer, who once spent six months in a convent, earned herself the sobriquet "Attila the Nun" by rooting out the wrongdoers with the wrath of God and a team of lawyers and accountants that ran up a tab of more than $2 million. "It looks like you sent in the whole damned Marines to rescue a cat," Vice Chairman Richard Salant reportedly quipped at a staff meeting.

Pfeiffer's iron glove was felt elsewhere around the company. In the past two years more than 55 vice presidents have left or been fired from NBC. She reportedly ended one Friday afternoon meeting of top executives by smiling at them and remarking lightly, "We may have a great surprise next Friday when we have our next staff meeting. It'll be interesting to see who isn't there then." Said one of her victims: "She loved to confront people."

Still, Pfeiffer's problem was not just her insensitivity in personnel matters but also a lack of experience in the broadcasting business. Says one executive who

survived her reign: "She came in with the attitude of a consumer advocate toward television." Added another top NBC official: "The most important thing in television is the morale of the egomaniacs who make it work. She didn't know how to massage those egos."

Pfeiffer's days at the network had been numbered for several months. Griffiths wanted to fire her, but Silverman made it clear that if Pfeiffer went, he would leave too. Silverman's own clout within the network had slipped in recent months, however, and he was no longer able or willing to protect her.

After promising to put NBC at the top of the ratings pile by the end of 1980, Silverman is presiding over disaster. This past season NBC lagged far behind its competitors in ratings, finishing the season with 17.4 Nielsen points, compared with 19.6 for CBS and 19.5 for ABC. The morning *Today* show, once an NBC stalwart, now trails ABC's *Good Morning America*. Silverman's new daytime offering, the *David Letterman Show*, has fared so poorly that Silverman has already fired three producers. The latest executive calamity comes at the same time as the start of the 1980 Olympics, which NBC was to have covered and which promised to be one of the network's greatest achievements. Silverman hoped to repeat his performance of four years ago, when he used the Games to help catapult then lowly ABC to No. 1 in the ratings.

A nervous Silverman has been renegotiating his NBC contract, even though it still has almost a year to run. Reportedly, one of Griffiths' major conditions was that Silverman get rid of Pfeiffer. Griffiths was demanding immediate action, in part, because he wanted to stop two splashy company parties that she was planning to hold at the Republican and Democratic conventions.

But the rumpled, impulsive Silverman is notoriously clumsy at firing subordinates. Two weeks ago, he sent cigar-chomping Hollywood Lawyer Milton Rudin to Pfeiffer's porticoed house in an exclusive, guarded section of Greenwich, Conn. Rudin reportedly made it clear that Pfeiffer was finished. The following Monday, Silverman called Pfeiffer into his Rockefeller Plaza office and told her that she would have to resign. Yet she apparently left thinking there was still some room for negotiation. Then, when she learned that her resignation had been requested, she turned livid and picked up the phone.

The spotlight is now on Silverman. Some industry insiders say his future at NBC is riding on the network's success in the first few weeks of the fall TV season. But one West Coast producer says: "Freddie's fall schedule is a disaster. His presidency will be short-lived." Freddie Silverman last week beat Jane Cahill Pfeiffer in the rush to the executive lifeboats, but he may not make it next time. ■

Boom in the Sky

Tall towers defy the slump

In the construction trade, one of America's most important industries, the economic signals are highly conflicting. Despite a modest improvement in single-family home sales in May, the housing market remains in a state of shock. At the present low rate of new residential construction, 1980 could gain the dismal distinction of being the worst year since 1945, when the U.S. built fewer than 1 million new homes and apartments. This performance is especially appalling because 35 years ago the U.S. population was only 140 million, in contrast to 220 million today.

But the tale in office construction is entirely different. Rather than being in a recessionary tail spin, commercial building has embarked on what may turn out to be its greatest boom ever. The burst of construction is being fed, in part, by the growth of white-collar jobs. During the past five years, the U.S. work force has risen dramatically to 106 million, *vs.* 95 million in 1975. Since much of the growth has taken place in the service and financial sectors, the demand for office space has outstripped the surplus supply created by the last big building bonanza in 1971-74.

Much of the new construction is also centered in downtown areas that only a few years ago were being written off as decaying disaster zones. Now the ever-threatening gas shortages, combined with the high cost of commuting by auto, have caused many companies to retain and even expand their offices in city centers. The long overdue establishment of efficient mass transit systems in many cities is also helping to renew urban areas. For example, by 1985 an executive in Atlanta will be able to step from the planned Georgia-Pacific Center on Peachtree Street and arrive 15 min. later by subway at the international airport. Downtown Dallas is experiencing its strongest construction surge ever. Says Clyde Jackson, president of Wynne-Jackson Inc., a Dallas real estate development company: "The suburban exodus of the '70s has stabilized."

The basic trends apply nationwide. Nonetheless, many cities have special characteristics. New York City has been revitalized by a large influx of European banks and rich private investors from Latin America and the Middle East. While only one building was completed there in 1977, at least 27 are now either being built or are in the final preconstruction stage. Miami is undergoing a renaissance as a growing center of trade between the U.S. and Latin America.

A sample of Chicago's building spurt is this addition to the Illinois Center on Michigan Ave.

A new interest in downtown: "The suburban exodus of the '70s has stabilized."

At present, planners and builders are rushing to raise 15 new towers.

Houston, the epitome of urban sprawl, is now building in the center of town as well as the outskirts. Three magnificent monuments to this new financial capital are now rising: the 75-story Texas Commerce Tower, the 55-story First International Plaza and the 50-story Three Allen Center. In Chicago the demand for downtown office space is so great that speculative builders are going ahead and putting up new structures without even bothering to line up tenants first.

Is the office building boom about to bust? Obviously the industry is cyclical, and the current rapid rate of activity cannot continue indefinitely. The present construction, however, appears so soundly based that the outlook is optimistic. Given a bit of luck, the boom will continue for at least three years, and possibly four or five. Then the industry will need to pause for breath and find new funds. ■

100's, 3 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.
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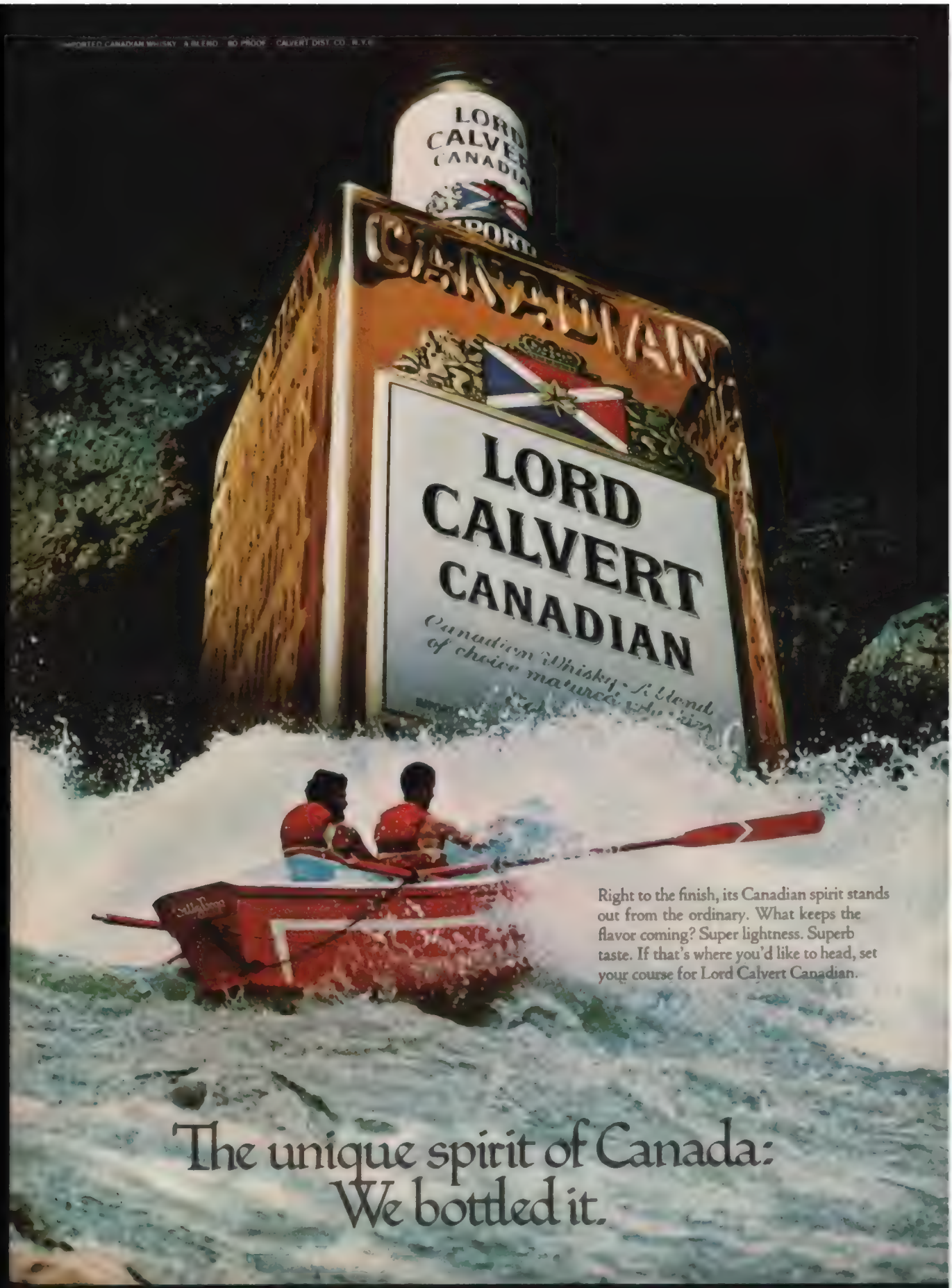
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Right to the finish, its Canadian spirit stands out from the ordinary. What keeps the flavor coming? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's where you'd like to head, set your course for Lord Calvert Canadian.
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Written on the Wind

A potential energy source that is more than just hot air

They look like something out of *The Empire Strikes Back*. But the futuristic-appearing contraptions that are beginning to sprout atop remote and windy mountain ridges, and even right in the middle of congested suburban developments, are really nothing more than updated versions of the first reported windmill, which was built to capture the power of Persian breezes in the 7th century.

As the rocketing cost of petroleum pushes electrical utility rates further and further into orbit, "windmill power" is becoming a good bet. In Clayton, N. Mex., 15% of the town's residents now receive their electricity from a giant propeller-like windmill that swivels on a horizontal axis to capture the prevailing winds. In the Berkshires of western Massachusetts, retired Businessman Percy Newbery, 58, is generating an average of $30 worth of electricity per month by means of a windmill device that looks like a jet engine and sits on a 75-ft. wooden pole beside his house. In Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Rhode Island and Ohio, industrial-size wind generators are operating under Government testing programs.

At present, wind-generated electricity provides less than 1% of U.S. energy. But Carter Administration officials estimate that the figure could double by 1990, and some of the industry's more ebullient advocates see wind power meeting perhaps as much as 10% of American energy needs by the year 2000.

One reason that wind power's future looks bright is growing Government support. The federal Department of Energy in 1979 put some $60 million into the design and testing of large wind generators by aerospace firms such as Boeing and Lockheed. In 1981 the federal outlay is expected to jump to $80 million. The Government is also encouraging, with income-tax credits, small-scale residential windmills for individual homeowners. The credits pay 40% of out-of-pocket costs for the devices.

Most of the 50 or so manufacturers of residential windmills are relatively new and employ a handful of workers. The leader in the field, Enertech Corp. of Norwich, Vt., is five years old and has just 47 employees. Yet in the past twelve months, the company has sold 250 of its "Enertech 1500," a 6-ft.-long cylindrically shaped device that is capable of generating 1.5 kW of power in a stiff 21-m.p.h. breeze, enough to light 15 100-W light bulbs.

At anywhere from $5,000 to $10,000 per unit, residential windmills are hardly cheap. In most cases they are also not capable of meeting more than a portion of a family's day-to-day electrical needs. Yet in windy regions where electricity costs are high, a standard $5,000 home windmill with a projected 20-year life expectancy ought to be able to pay for itself in perhaps ten years.

Electricity from a Cambridge, Mass., windmill

Customers can also cut costs by selling wind-generated energy to their local utility companies. A little-known two-year-old federal law now requires utilities to reimburse customers for any surplus electricity that the windmills feed back into the system. Such surplus power could occur, for example, during periods when winds are strong but household electrical consumption is low. Retired Farmer John F. Wolfe, 62, installed an Enertech 1500 at his oceanfront house in Barnstable, Mass., to harness Cape Cod breezes. When he and his wife are asleep, the windmill keeps churning. Since the local utility company has to buy the power back from him, his overall monthly bill winds up substantially lower.

The infant industry is not without its problems. For optimum efficiency, windmills must be built high enough to be clear of nearby obstructions, such as trees or buildings. This can often mean ugly and obtrusive towers of 60 ft. or more that can interfere with television reception. The larger devices can also cause bothersome noise. General Electric was forced to shut down and modify its gigantic 2-MW generator atop Howard's Knob Mountain, N.C., because residents complained of the incessant hum caused by the slow rotation of the windmill's 100-ft. blades.

But in an era of increasing energy shortage and escalating costs, the spectacle of a forest of suburban windmills might become as attractive for some people as Dutch windmills in a Rembrandt landscape. And the sound of a steadily humming windmill down the street could eventually prove to be the sweetest music that you could hear. ■

The experimental 2,000-kW DOE-NASA turbine in Boone, N.C., is the world's largest

Reminiscent of Rembrandt, springing up on mountain ridges and in congested suburbs.

Bombs in Books

Security for executives

United Air Lines President Percy Wood last month received, at his Lake Forest, Ill., home, a gift in the mail from an unknown admirer. After ripping open the package, he awkwardly pulled the book it contained out, away from his body. That move probably saved his life. Inside the hollowed-out copy of Sloan Wilson's novel *Ice Brothers* was a spring-activated pipe bomb filled with explosive black powder and pieces of shrapnel. Because the bomb exploded a few feet away, Wood survived, though suffering heavy lacerations on his legs and chest.

The United bombing sent shivers through executive suites across the country and stimulated the purchase of executive security equipment. FBI Director Philip Webster and other security specialists believe that as the U.S. recession deepens, disgruntled employees, psychopaths or terrorists will increasingly threaten industry leaders. Corporate security has now become a $7 billion to $10 billion business, and even the aging comic-strip crime fighter Dick Tracy last week was faced with the kidnaping of his old pal Millionaire Entrepreneur Diet Smith.

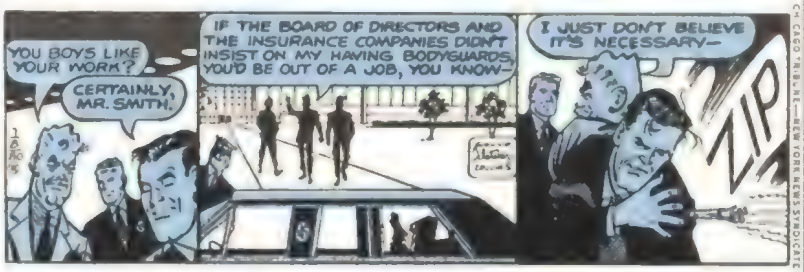
"Executives are a company's largest corporate asset," says Chicago Security Specialist Norman Kiven. "In the past few years, corporations have become much more concerned." As evidence, membership in the field's professional association, the American Society for Industrial Security, has increased 133% in the past five years. A New York State chemical firm uses helicopters to move officials in and out of headquarters, both for business trips and commuting. Security at Houston's United Gas Pipe Line Co. was beefed up this year after a former employee armed with a loaded gun and a hand grenade held two high executives hostage in their office for three hours.

A mind-boggling array of expensive protective instruments is now on the market, ranging from $375 bulletproof vests for executives conducting shareholders meetings to $16,000 electronic tracking systems that help trace a kidnap victim. A particularly nervous tycoon could buy from CCS Communication Control Inc. for $200,000 the security-studded 1979 silver-gray Cadillac that was once ordered by the Shah of Iran but never delivered. For $1,500 more, his chauffeur could take a four-day evasive-driving course in Summit Point, W. Va., that teaches high-speed handling and bootleg turns to escape terrorist blockades. The head of an East Coast steel firm spent $150,000 this spring to protect his house with electronic sensors on doors and windows, roof and carpet vibrator detectors and closed-circuit TV cameras.

Some companies are adopting a doomsday defense to guard executives and corporate secrets. A Chicago insurance company has built "strong rooms," stocked with food, water and radio transmitters, to protect key officials in the event of an attack. The Oreck Group of Orlando, Fla., a real estate development firm, is turning the old Federal Reserve bank in New Orleans, with its 6-ft.-thick walls and three-story vault, into a fortress office building. Prospective tenants are a diamond wholesaler, representatives of two foreign governments and an armaments-carrying steamship line. The array of protective devices at the building includes heavy bars, bulletproof glass and infra-red detection devices. This is the first of a chain of high-security office buildings that the Oreck Group is planning to develop around the U.S.

Despite all the protection instruments, security experts believe that a low profile is a businessman's best defense. Says former Chicago FBI Chief William Beane: "Anonymity is the executive's greatest ally, and his most formidable enemy is ego." Top corporate officers, for example, are advised to remove their names from mailboxes and *Who's Who*. Those conspicuous, armored, chauffeur-driven limousines are also discouraged. James Steinbeck, Houston vice president of ABM Security Services Inc., urges executives to drive in plain Fords and Chevrolets, vary the route to work and remove their names from executive parking spaces. The chairman of a large California savings and loan drives himself to work in a nondescript sedan only after radioing ahead to company security officers.

Some of those common-sense measures might have protected United's Wood. His phone number and address were publicly listed, and before opening the package, he should have examined it with a $10,000 electronic scanner now common in many companies. Since the attack, United has stiffened security at its suburban Chicago headquarters, and the U.S. Postal Service is offering a $25,000 reward for the book bomber. ■



Grand Alliances

France joins the wine rush

More than a century ago, a group of French oenologists toured the California coastal region and reported in the prestigious *Revue Vinicole Internationale*: "California has a climate that makes it capable some day of becoming a serious competitor to France in the production of fine wines." Some day may finally have arrived. Now three of the proudest names in French wine-making have established West Coast annexes: Moët-Hennessey, Château Mouton-Rothschild and Piper-Heidsieck.

Moët arrived in 1973, laying out some $20 million over the years for 1,500 Napa Valley acres on which to produce a sparkling white wine called Chandon Brut. This past spring, in a significant departure from Bordeaux practice, Baron Philippe de Rothschild started a joint venture with Napa Valley Vintner Robert Mondavi to produce 5,000 cases a year of quality Cabernet Sauvignon, which will carry a label with the two signatures.

The latest to join the California wine rush is Piper-Heidsieck. Two weeks ago, the French firm announced a $6 million *ménage à trois* with Renfield Importers and Sonoma Vineyards that will create a sparkling son of Heidsieck to be called Piper Sonoma. It will sell for $10-$12 a bottle, *vs.* $17 or more for the company's Continental bubbly.

French vintners are attracted to California by the still vast U.S. market. Despite the growing popularity of wine in the U.S., Americans drink only 2 gal. of it a year per capita, *vs.* 29 gal. for the French. Europeans are also drawn by the large tracts of California's excellent uncultivated land. In the 86,000-acre Champagne district of northeastern France, Piper, for example, has only seven acres of the precious chalky soil. Now Piper has an investment in 1,200 acres of land in the Napa Valley.

None of these Franco-American producers plans to sell his California quaff in Europe. Steven Spurrier, owner of the Paris wine school L'Académie du Vin, believes that to be a wise decision. Says he: "Moët would be crazy to import Chandon Brut into France. In my opinion it is much better than their own Moët et Chandon. They would be competing against themselves with a better-tasting wine at a better price." ■

The center of a controversy about quality: Composer-Conductor Gunther Schuller

Symphony of Dissonance

A blast at orchestra musicians raises rancor in the ranks

Today's U.S. orchestra musicians are better trained, more accomplished, better paid and more widely applauded than ever before. Hence, as they sit onstage performing the masterworks of music history, it follows that they must be serenely happy. Right? Wrong, says Composer-Conductor Gunther Schuller. Symphonic players are "embittered, disgruntled, bored" and "have come to hate music," Schuller maintains. Traveling around the country as a guest conductor, he finds not joy but "apathy and cynicism" abounding in orchestral ranks; despite their high technical competence, the musicians have no "spiritual identification" with the scores they play.

What has gone wrong? Schuller, former president of the New England Conservatory of Music, parcels out the blame in three directions. The musicians' union, or at least the union mentality of the players, has fostered a grudging, clock-watching approach to rehearsing and performing, he says; jet-age music directors have left their orchestras in an artistic lurch while pursuing second and third careers elsewhere; managements and boards of trustees have run the show with the box office uppermost in their minds. "Out of sheer ignorance or arrogance, many boards have time and again made lamentable decisions," argues Schuller. "We should have obligatory training courses for prospective trustees."

Schuller, who has previously made these charges from the lecture platform, summed them up in an article in the June issue of *High Fidelity* magazine. No sooner did the issue appear than the Conductors' Guild of the American Symphony Orchestra League quickly scheduled a panel discussion at the league's annual conference, then getting under way in New York City. But instead of clashing with Schuller's views, the four panelists frequently harmonized as closely as a barbershop quartet. "Several of his observations about labor-management relations are right on target," said Donald Engle, former manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Added Irma Lazarus, a member of the Cincinnati Symphony board: "I was moved by Schuller's article. There's an enormous amount of truth in it."

Los Angeles Leader Dorothy Chandler

A high intensity of performance.

If other orchestral sources around the country are moved, it is mostly to outrage. "Schuller is a fantastic composer and musician," says Irving Bush, trumpeter with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, "but he is an absolutely atrocious conductor. When someone can't conduct at all, of course the musicians are going to be bored." Frank Miller, principal cellist of the Chicago Symphony, defends unionization by recalling the way things were before the union had clout: "Every year, 30 or 40 people were fired for such things as inattentiveness to a particular note." Some musicians concede, however, that the modern union contract, which often guarantees 52 weeks of employment, creates a debilitating schedule. Says a New York Philharmonic string player: "If you're into the 40th week of the season and some conductor arrives fresh as a daisy, you can't expect 110 overworked people to have the same gleam in the eye that he does."

Joseph Silverstein, concertmaster of the Boston Symphony, has appeared as a guest conductor with 15 orchestras this season. His experiences have convinced him that "the standard and intensity of performance in American orchestras have never been at a higher level." Silverstein is philosophical about the absenteeism of music directors. While many conductors might prefer to work closely with a single orchestra, he says, they bow to "pressure to maintain international visibility for record sales."

Boston Symphony Trustee Vernon Alden, a former associate dean of the Harvard Business School, agrees with Schuller that boards of trustees must be knowledgeable; but Alden is thinking of such areas as finance, administration and marketing, as much as he is of Beethoven and Mahler. As for giving trustees musical training, the doyenne of arts patronage in Los Angeles, Mrs. Dorothy ("Buff") Chandler, thinks it "would only make things worse." Says Mrs. Chandler, whose connection with the Los Angeles Philharmonic goes back to 1943: "Businessmen would not have time for musical training, and the board would eventually be filled with second-rate musicians who never made it. Then the meddling would just be terrible."

The debate so far has borne out at least one of Schuller's observations. Musicians, management and trustees, he wrote, need to develop "a respectful, serious, substantive dialogue rather than yell at each other from entrenched positions." To which the objects of Schuller's somewhat overstated indictment might reply: Mediator, mediate thyself. ■

Mother's Call

A shout from the left

Firebrand journalism has cooled noticeably since the searing '60s. *New Times* has folded, *Rolling Stone* has retreated into rock-'n'-roll coverage, and "alternative" weeklies have found that stereo-equipment supplements are more lucrative than political manifestoes. But at least one rallying cry can still be heard above the mellowspeak. It comes from the San Francisco–based monthly *Mother Jones* (circ. 222,000), which calls itself "a magazine for the rest of us."

Named for Mary Harris Jones, a turn-of-the-century labor organizer, *Mother Jones* pursues corporate miscreants with a vigor that would have made her proud. It has linked Bechtel Corp. with the CIA (a charge denied by the company), exposed the dangers of the Dalkon Shield intra-uterine contraceptive device, and in 1977 was the first publication to allege that Ford chose not to redesign a faulty fuel system in its 1971-76 Pintos. Just four years old, *Mother Jones* won its third National Magazine Award in April for a story about how products banned in the U.S. as unsafe are being sold in underdeveloped countries.

Housed in a warehouse formerly occupied by *Rolling Stone*, the magazine is run by an editorial board of five, who take turns as managing editor. Though they get only modest pay (about $16,000 a year), the editors claim contentment. Says Deirdre English, 32: "Editorial decisions tend to come out of what excites us." What excites them in the August issue includes a racketeering labor union, worker deaths in a steel plant near Baltimore and excerpts from Studs Terkel's upcoming book *American Dreams: Lost and Found*.

Many of the magazine's most touted coups, such as the Pinto and dangerous-exports stories, were written by Publisher Mark Dowie, 41, who will depart next month to take a trip around the world. His replacement is Jacques Marchand, 42, publisher of *Marxist Perspectives* (circ. 6,000), a scholarly quarterly based in New York City. Marchand, who will be paid $37,500 a year, aims to boost advertising but admits, "Nobody is ever going to get rich from this magazine."

Mother Jones has told readers how to organize boycotts (once listing all the trade names of antiunion J.P. Stevens products) and how to spur recalls of cars. Explains Dowie: "We want to get readers angry and make them do something. We're pamphleteers." Staff members talk easily of "fascist oligarchies" and "revolutionary weapons," but their bark is more ideological than their bite. "I don't want to live in a society without good restaurants or a choice of health care," says Dowie.

Mother Jones' covers can be blatantly sensational (the 1977 anti-Pinto effort featured a woman trapped in a burning car), and some critics complain that the magazine gives more flak than fact. Contributors, paid $700 to $1,000 for feature-length articles, are known for their ponderous prose. Explains Dowie: "When they should have been in class learning to write like William Buckley and George Will, they were on the front lines."

Launched with $450,000 raised from wealthy liberals, the magazine is owned by a nonprofit foundation, so it does not pay taxes on any profits. Profits? *Mother Jones* has lost $457,000 during the past three years. But *Mother's* children claim a beyond-the-bottom-line purpose. Says Dowie: "We're creating a blurred vision of a better world." ■

***Jones* editorial team in San Francisco**

"We want to get readers angry."

Harper's Reborn

At 130, a new foundation

Its August issue, featuring a cover story on a TV evangelist, was to have been its last. Instead it will be the first for a born-again *Harper's* (circ. 325,000), the nation's oldest monthly, at age 130. Just three weeks after the announcement that it would fold came word of its rescue by a pair of private foundations.

The save was engineered by the $750 million John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, set up by the legendary Chicago insurance and real estate Midas before his death in 1978. The MacArthur group will pay the purchase price, reportedly about $250,000, to the parent Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co., and assume the magazine's subscription liability of some $3 million. But it will share the magazine's operating costs with the Atlantic Richfield Foundation, whose donor, ARCO, four years ago bailed out another pauper of the press, Britain's Sunday *Observer*.

The new owners of *Harper's* plan to retain Editor Lewis Lapham, 45, and hope to return the magazine to solvency by converting it to a nonprofit organization, which will bring tax breaks and reduced postal rates. MacArthur family members note that John D. saved a money loser called *Theater Arts* magazine in 1950. Its editor was his older brother, Newsman-Playwright Charles MacArthur, who wrote *The Front Page*. ■

Rooney Tunes

CBS man knows his stuff

Andy Rooney is the Boswell of stuff. He has heard the siren call of an empty coffee can ("How can you throw away such a nice clean can with this tight-fitting top?"). He understands the disquieting dimensions of soap ("Most of its lifetime, a cake of soap is too small . . . It's not only too small, it's sharp around the edges"). And he knows why dogs are man's best friend ("The average dog is a nicer person than the average person").

These observations are delivered with a mischievous air on *60 Minutes*, the top-rated CBS newsmagazine, and in a thrice-weekly column syndicated to more than 100 newspapers. Rooney, 60, covers the commonplace, leaving wars and statecraft to more conventional colleagues. "Andy is our Russell Baker, our Art Buchwald," says Don Hewitt, executive producer of *60 Minutes*. "He is a cross between Charles Kuralt and H.L. Mencken."

Rooney is not another pretty face. He is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, "a little fat" (210 lbs., 25 over his playing weight as a football guard at Colgate), and his forelock goes where it pleases. "I have an unpleasant voice," he notes, "a raspy voice." Says Hewitt: "Andy is kind of like Peck's Bad Boy. You expect to find him walking home from school kicking a can."

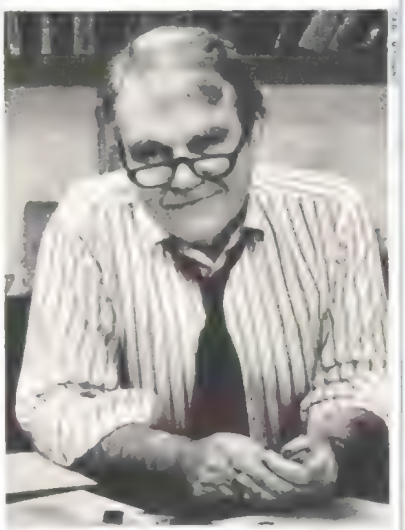
His humor is wry and derisive. Explains Harry Reasoner, a longtime colleague at CBS: "Andy sees something portentous or pompous and puts a pin in it." Not long ago, he journeyed to Pottstown, Pa., in search of Mrs. Smith of Mrs. Smith's Pies; there was no Mrs. Smith, he discovered, only the executives of Kellogg's. On another occasion, a seductive sales pitch set him to wondering. "Save $1,253 on a Saab," he mused. "I mean, if you bought eight or ten Saabs a year, you can save enough to buy a Mercedes."

Rooney was a correspondent for *Stars*

and Stripes during World War II, and embarked on a freelance writing career. "I spent six weeks on a piece for *Harper's* and got $350 for it," he recalls. "I realized I was not going to make it as a magazine writer." From 1949 to 1955, he was Arthur Godfrey's radio and television writer, at a more comfortable $625 a week.

Shortly after teaming up with Reasoner at CBS in 1962, Rooney began exploring the mundane in earnest, turning out half-hour TV essays on such topics as chairs, doors and bridges. Throughout their six-year collaboration, it was Reasoner on camera and Rooney in the background, writing and producing. Says he: "It never occurred to me to be the guy reading my stuff."

But then, in a characteristic run-in with the powers that be, Rooney quit over CBS's refusal to air his essay on war—written, he recalls, from the perspective of "a soft hardhat." The network sold him the piece for a nominal sum, and he took it to public television. Minus his old frontman, Rooney narrated the documentary, and so it was that his on-camera career was launched in 1971.



The commentator in his Manhattan office

"I have an unpleasant voice. A raspy voice."

Rejoining CBS in 1972, Rooney wrote, produced and narrated a series of winsome reports on American life. The best-known was *Mr. Rooney Goes to Washington* (1975), an innocent's tour of the federal bureaucracy. But the finest was probably *In Praise of New York City* (1974), a journalistic paean that anticipated parts of Woody Allen's *Manhattan*. Rooney became a regular commentator on *60 Minutes* in September 1978 and last year won an Emmy for his work there.

Contemptuous of actors, Rooney considers his appearances on-camera "an extension of my writing." One thing worries him, though. Everyone says his performances are getting better all the time. "I hope it's lucky coincidence," Rooney says. "I'd hate to think I'm learning how to do it." ■

The Lowest

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Also available in 100's and Soft Pack.

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100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", .2 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method. SOFT PACK FILTER, MENTHOL:
2 mg. "tar", .2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette,
FTC Report DEC. '79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Where Love and Lechery Overlap

CONSENTING ADULTS, OR THE DUCHESS WILL BE FURIOUS
by Peter De Vries; Little, Brown; 221 pages; $10.95

Consenting Adults, or the Duchess Will Be Furious is another De Vriesian tumble down that rabbit hole where love and lechery are humorously blurred with a yearning for the Absolute. In short, the novel is a romantic and philosophical farce, a form of entertainment that the author has owned since the publication of such fetching titles as *No but I Saw the Movie, Into Your Tent I'll Creep, The Tunnel of Love* and *Comfort Me with Apples.*

De Vries' new hero needs more than fruit. Ted Peachum is a budding aesthete and furniture mover in Pocock, Ill. He is also a parody of that familiar species, the small-town boy with big ideas and an ambition to rise above his station. Who can blame him? His father rereads comic books and hibernates like a bear, his aunt is known chiefly for canceling subscriptions and returning unused portions, and his grandfather contracted a venereal disease at a health spa.

Peachum cannot flee this bunch fast enough; yet, pity the smug chuckler who patronizes this family: "You New York-Dutch-descended, probably wrong-Strauss-loving officer of some music society or civic uplift group," he snaps. "I'd like a peek at some of your Rorschachs, you old sofa-crack feeler, you. Slipping a palm furtively under cushions and into crevices as you fish for coins in other people's chairs in a fashion whose psychological symbolism is all too readily apparent, you cranny rummager, you wrong-Scarlatti admirer. You secretary-treasurer!"

Anyone who talks like that in Pocock is bound to attract the attention of Mrs. d'Amboise, a sculptor "who like all women of quality chewed her gum with her front teeth and rarely popped it within earshot of people with known academic degrees or season subscription boxes to the Opera." At 16, Peachum becomes Mrs. d'Amboise's model and a suitable future suitor for her ten-year-old daughter Columbine.

But Peachum still has higher things on his mind: existential dread, for instance. "When they brought the news to me that another bunch at Oxford had scrapped Causality, I stretched out with an icebag on my head. Then it was all random. Certainty was a gone goose, and the soul with it. The soul was a clinker, cold as the meteorites that fell on Toulouse, Knyahinya and, if memory served, Pultusk and Mocs. Man has no purpose."

The rejected idealist is thus readied for the fleshy pleasures, and the stage is set for one of the author's most durable themes: libertinism and its comic consequences. Columbine matures as a perennial nymph, but she pales beside Snooky von Sickle, the brewery heiress of Wagnerian dimensions with whom Peachum shares many a back seat and shadowy glade. Yet love has its mysteries: when Peachum recalls having made unkind comments about Columbine's "doorbells," he feels a pang of remorse that is followed immediately by a twinge of desire. Peachum's entanglements are due to varying intentions of various d'Amboises. There is, for instance, his lust for Vim d'Amboise's wife Kathy, a Pocock police officer. "But soft," as De Vries might say when the going gets muddy. His explanation is more involved than his predicament: "There was Mrs. d. wanting me to wait for Columbine, with Luke standing by ready to feed me some knuckle pie if I didn't do right by the bijou. There was Ambrose fixing me up with Snooky von Sickle as a way of siphoning my attentions *off* his sister. And now there was Vim throwing his wife at me for reasons having nothing to do with Columbine at all . . . What an embarrassment of riches!"

One might make that exclamation about the novel itself. First the riches. The book is full of De Vries' happy wordplay, metaphysical Wiffle Balls, witty oxymorons (Peachum describes himself as a "self-pitying stoic") and perversely amusing ironies (a house burns down because of faulty wiring in a smoke detector). There are also the author's ticklish ways with the jargon of three generations, throwaway lines ("A writer is like his pencil. He must be worn down to be kept sharp"), and a dandy piece of burlesque when Peachum tries to undress Officer d'Amboise in her patrol car ("Deploying my right hand slowly downward along her waist, I tried to unzip her trousers, but first had to contend with her cartridge belt . . .").

The embarrassments? The plot is meager, the characters wear thin too quickly, the gags are often laid out as if for a garage sale. *Consenting Adults* does not have the emotional depth or the satiric edge of the author's seriocomedies, *The Blood of the Lamb* and *Reuben, Reuben.* In Decency, Conn., a favorite De Vries setting, the commuters and their wives clown around on the wall-to-wall carpeting but hear the steady drumming of eternity on the roof. In Pocock pipes of Pan playing tunes of innocence drown out the ravings of a street-corner Jeremiah. With sin and guilt suspended, the book lacks the touch of tragic relief that has made De Vries a top banana of the Calvinist comedy hour. —*By R.Z. Sheppard*

BRUCE CRAMPTON

Peter De Vries
Libertinism and its comic consequences.

Excerpt

"What I saw next was the Prophet, chewing the firmament up the street. I hurried over.

'Ye whores of Pocock, mothers of abomination, housewives wallowing in your adulteries, the Lord will smite you. Lolling in your tubs scented with bath oils, in houses equipped with burglar and fire alarms. But what are ye safe from while imperiling your own souls? For he who said he would come as a thief in the night will do even so, and all your alarms will avail you naught in that hour when ye shall see him face to face . . . For in that dread day you shall get the message. Without a CB . . . it shall be, that's it, buddy boy. For not all the air conditioning in the world can make you anything but a stench in my nostrils, yea an abomination unto my schnozz. You with your disposable lighters. I'll dispose of *you* saith the Lord. I'll run you through the Handi-Slicer, then I'll stuff you down the Disposall . . .'"

HOW TO SAVE FUEL DURING YOUR SUMMER VACATION

ENGINE TUNING, TIRE PRESSURE, AND HOW YOU DRIVE MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE.

You're sure to be on the move this summer. With gas more expensive, you may find helpful a few simple reminders on the best ways to get maximum mileage. They won't take a lot of time, and may save you a fair amount at the gas pump.

A car that is properly tuned and maintained will be the most fuel-efficient. Newer GM cars require less routine maintenance than older ones, but all cars require some periodic checkups. Fouled spark plugs, improper spark timing or clogged oil and air filters all can reduce mileage significantly. So be sure to follow the maintenance program in your GM Owner's Manual and Maintenance Schedule.

Underinflated tires waste lots of gas. Tires that are too soft have a higher rolling resistance, which forces the engine to work harder and to use more fuel. So have the tire pressures checked periodically, or use a tire gauge yourself, to be sure your tires are inflated to the pressure recommended in the GM Owner's Manual.

Use your air conditioner prudently. Whenever possible, use the vent position on the air conditioner to circulate air; it's not only quieter and cleaner than opening the windows all the way, but your car presents less wind resistance with the windows up. If you park in the shade, your car will be cooler when you get in, so it'll be easier to keep comfortable without making the air conditioner work so hard.

Keeping the proper amount of coolant in the radiator will help prevent your car from overheating. It won't save fuel, but it may save expensive towing costs. A lot of people think it's okay just to add extra water, but that can actually cause the mixture in your radiator to boil. Coolant—a 50/50 mixture of ethylene glycol antifreeze and water—raises the boiling temperature and will therefore help prevent overheating.

Your driving habits are probably the most important factor of all in saving fuel. The best advice we can give is to drive at moderate speeds and accelerate evenly. For example, jackrabbit starts take much more gasoline than gradual acceleration. Frequent stops will also cost you fuel, because every "pump" of the accelerator means extra gas going through the carburetor. Also, "riding the brake" creates a lot of unnecessary friction and wastes gas.

Extra weight in your trunk, such as tire chains, golf clubs you don't plan to use, even unnecessary luggage, takes more gas to haul. And finally, driving at high speeds substantially reduces fuel economy. So observing the 55 mile per hour speed limit makes economic sense and may save lives, too. Tests confirm that you can get approximately 20% better mileage by driving at 50 miles per hour than at 70 miles per hour.

Attention to routine maintenance and moderation in how you drive are the keys to getting the best mileage from your car during this summer. That'll save you money and help make sure that there's enough gas for others to enjoy a summer vacation, too.

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General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

Mark Wilson gives an uplifting performance at the Great Wall of China

Mantle and Mays acting no better with blue bonnets on them

People

Ching Ling Foo, "Court Conjurer to the Empress of China," wowed Western audiences when he toured the U.S. at the turn of the century. Now American Magician **Mark Wilson,** whose thaumaturgical fame dates from his days as star of TV's *The Magic Land of Alla Kazam* in the '60s, is seeking to balance the trade in his trade by taking his bag of tricks to China. While visiting the People's Republic to arrange performances there next fall, Wilson conjured up big crowds with small, impromptu gigs in which he would make white penknives turn black and rubber balls multiply. His *pièce de résistance* occurred at China's most magical setting: the Great Wall. There Wilson chose a young volunteer and, without so much as an abracadabra or its Mandarin equivalent, set her afloat in mid-air. "You don't need words to do magic," he says. "Magic itself is a universal language."

■

The taping session went into extra innings, but **Mickey Mantle** and **Willie Mays** still couldn't get to first base. Not as singers, not as sit-down comics, and certainly not as models. Looking quaint in dainty bonnets for a margarine commercial, the two ex-sluggers made like they were still on opposing teams in the World Series of 1951 and 1962, when Mickey was a Yankee and Willie a Giant. In between takes of the Blue Bonnet jingle, Mays needled Mantle: "You sing worse than I do." "You gotta be kidding," Mickey replied. "You call that singing what you do?" On-camera, Willie was best when he dug into the steak feast before him: "Man, this is good." Later he confessed, "I added those lines on my own. Hope they like 'em."

Mama watches as Opera Maestro Adler attempts a duet with daughter

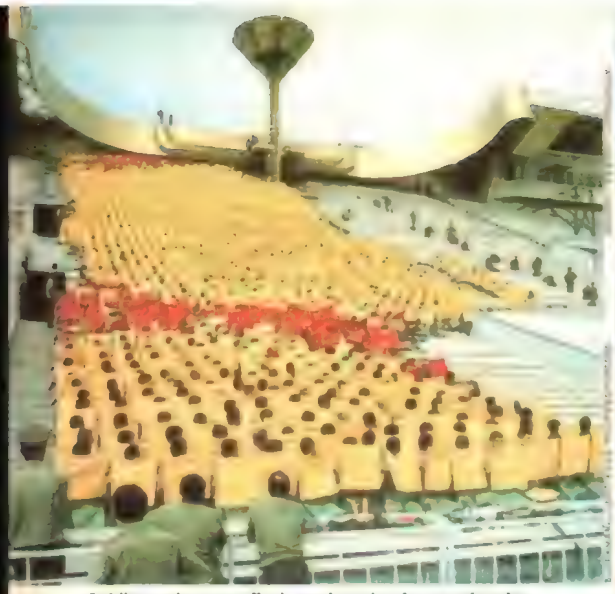
■

Kurt Herbert Adler, 75, is one veteran opera maestro whose tempos are *non ritardando*. Just six months ago he became a grandfather for the first time, courtesy of Son Ronald. Now the director of the San Francisco Opera has again become a father. Adler was conducting a concert in Iceland when word came that his second wife, Nancy, 35, had borne him the first child of their 15-year marriage. Sabrina Sif (after the Nordic fertility goddess) Miller Adler is already showing performing promise. "She's a camera ham, and her voice is strong and healthy," says Dad. Adds Mom, *sotto voce:* "Particularly at four in the morning."

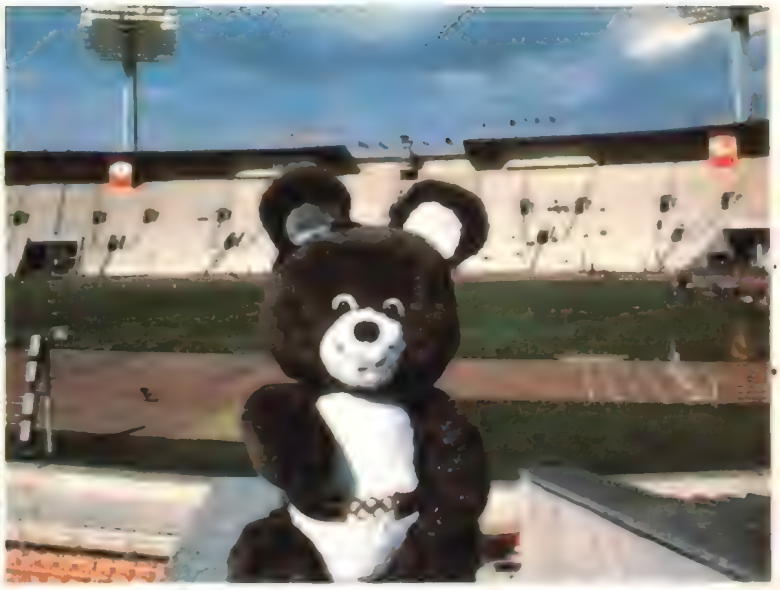
■

"I am expecting the baby any day now," sighs **Soraya Khashoggi,** 39. Who is the father? The estranged, British-born wife of Billionaire Saudi Dealmaker **Adnan Khashoggi,** 44, and former mistress of British M.P. **Winston Churchill,** 39, refuses to say. She is, however, happy to discuss another private passion: photography. And in the seclusion of her Venice villa she has turned her Nikon on her favorite subject —herself. "I have been a professional photographer for 15 years," she confides. "My work has been published, but Adnan never let me use my name, so they gave me all kinds of crazy credits." Her credit should improve if she wins the $2.5 billion divorce settlement Palimony Lawyer **Marvin Mitchelson** is demanding on her behalf. Soraya also has other resources. "I'm almost finished with my autobiography," she says, "and it's fair to say it will be sensational. It's a total, truthful and unabridged version of my life." Self-illustrated? *—By Claudia Wallis*

Self-portrait: Soraya keeps mum



Soldiers rehearse a flash-card routine for opening day



A stuffed version of Misha, the Olympic mascot, in Lenin Stadium

Sport

Bearish Beginning in Moscow

The clouded Games get under way in a grand setting

Though the Moscow Olympics are not due to open until this Saturday, the refurbished Lenin Stadium was swarming with more than 15,000 people for much of last week. Gymnasts, musicians, students and some 100 truckloads of soldiers were on hand to rehearse the opening ceremony; the troops were readying flash-card routines, including a rendering of the ubiquitous Teddy-bear mascot Misha. As if to underscore the official line that all was going well, newspapers trumpeted a statement by an African sports official that "in spite of the attempts by certain circles at frustrating" the Games, "they will be a success."

Nonetheless, the 22nd Olympiad promised to be a tarnished affair. As of last week, an estimated 31 countries, including Canada, Japan, West Germany, China and Kenya, were heeding the Carter Administration's call for a boycott to protest the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. By the host country's count, 83 nations will participate. The boycott has taken the luster off such men's sports as track, basketball, boxing and gymnastics; the competition in swimming, yachting, field hockey, archery and equestrian events has become almost meaningless. Even so, the countries coming to Moscow won about 70% of the medals handed out in Montreal four years ago.

Afghanistan aside, the Moscow spectacle is not shaping up as the kind of party that many democratic countries would feel comfortable attending. As the Soviets prepared to receive 150,000 or so visitors (about half the total expected before the boycott), Moscow resembled a giant Potemkin village being gussied up by a heavy, totalitarian hand.

A final army of cleaners swept through the capital last week, cutting grass and scooping up litter. Several main thoroughfares were repaved and public buildings were repainted. A foreign ambassador was surprised to find 20 uninvited painters at work on his residence. "The place needed it," he shrugged.

The U.S.S.R. completed 99 Olympic construction projects at a cost of more than $3 billion. Ten new sports facilities were built and eight reconstructed, including the centerpiece Lenin Stadium (capacity: 103,000). Nine hotels and an Olympic Village consisting of 18 buildings, each 16 stories high (14,000 lucky Muscovites will live there after the Games), also went up.

The city is fairly overrun with security men, including the regular *militsia* in their gray uniforms and the forbidding KGB in their trademark baggy business suits. The Olympic areas are also patrolled by soldiers, some carrying Kalashnikov automatic rifles. Scores of dissidents have been arrested or exiled, while others have been ordered to take vacations outside the capital. Late last week Moscow officials virtually sealed off the city; no trucks or cars are allowed to enter without a pass certifying urgent business, such as food delivery.

Despite these precautions, the Soviets remained jittery about terrorism, spying and demonstrations by Olympic visitors. Their fears, while characteristically outsized, are not entirely misplaced. Some Olympic squads, including the French and the Dutch, are known to be considering demonstrations.

The British are also planning a demonstration—and it could prove the most dazzling of the Games: the 1,500-meter race, featuring Englishmen Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett. Astonishingly, they have met only once before. In an 800-meter duel in 1978, they exhausted each other with kamikaze sprints, only to be passed by a third runner in the stretch. In Moscow, Coe is favored at 800 meters, and Ovett is given a nanosecond

Souvenirs of the spectacle in a Soviet shop

Paint for buildings, a vacation for dissidents.

edge in the 1,500. Jim Tuppeny, a U.S. track official who is organizing an alternate meet in Philadelphia this month, handicaps the 1,500 this way: "Ovett is stronger, but if Coe goes out fast, lifts the times and then hangs on, he will win."

The 5,000- and 10,000-meter races also offer a classic match-up: Lasse Viren, the Finn who won both events in 1972 and 1976, and Miruts Yifter, a fast-finishing Ethiopian who missed the 1976 Olympics due to an African boycott of the Games. Viren is entered in the 10,000 but is so far undecided about whether to run the 5,000 or the marathon.

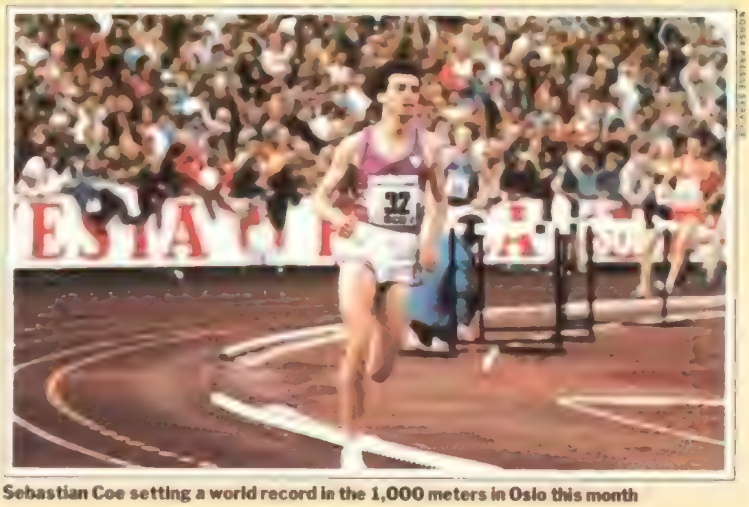
At least four U.S. men would have been favored to win gold medals in track and field: Edwin Moses (400-meter hurdles), Renaldo Nehemiah (110-meter hurdles), Larry Myricks (long jump) and Mac Wilkins (discus). In addition, Sprinters James Sanford (100 meters), LaMonte King (200) and Billy Mullins (400) have world-best times this year.

A legion of U.S. swimmers would have been top choices for gold medals. Among them: Tracy Caulkins, Mary Meagher, Cynthia Woodhead, Linda Jezek, Brian Goodell, Rowdy Gaines, Mike Bruner and Steve Lundquist. The East German women could now win as many as eleven golds. In men's swimming, the Soviets will benefit most from the American withdrawal.

The U.S. boxing team, which won five golds in Montreal, would have been potent again this year. In freestyle wrestling and men's gymnastics, the U.S. and Japan would have given the Soviets all they could handle. But now gymnastic heartthrob Kurt Thomas is an ABC sports commentator, and the wrestlers are mourning their lost opportunity. Says Don Krone, staff administrator for the A.A.U.'s wrestling division: "It may set our program back two or three years." With the U.S. men's basketball team at home, the gold medal should easily revert to the towering Soviets.

The Soviets had counted on stirring competition to help carry their socialist message across the free world. In the U.S. alone, NBC had planned more than 150 hours of television coverage; now viewers will have to settle for brief reports on news programs. But the boycott fell short too, with France, Australia and other allies refusing to join. If President Carter thought the tactic would show the Soviet people the error of Afghanistan, he was mistaken. Today ordinary Soviets claim to see little connection between the invasion and the boycott. Instead, they blame "warmongering" by Carter.

After the murder of eleven Israeli athletes at Munich in 1972, the African boycott in 1976 and the current one, no one knows what problems will beset the 23rd Olympiad. But U.S. athletes, bitterly disappointed at being sidelined in 1980, are already taking aim at 1984. "Just you wait," says Tuppeny. "We've got some kids coming along who are going to be fantastic." *—By Stephen Smith. Reported by Bruce Nelan/Moscow*



Sebastian Coe setting a world record in the 1,000 meters in Oslo this month

A Runner's Lonely Decision

When Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher in January urged Britain's athletes to boycott the Olympics, many of her countrymen found themselves torn between an urge to protest the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and their desire to see Sebastian Coe bring home some gold. Coe, 23, is the world record holder at 800, 1,000 and 1,500 meters, and held the mile record as well until only two weeks ago. So intense was the public and press curiosity about whether he would join the majority of the 67-member British team in forgoing the trip to Moscow that Coe fled to Italy to train. "I shall have to make a decision about the Games at some stage," he said. "Not as an athlete, but as a rounded person."

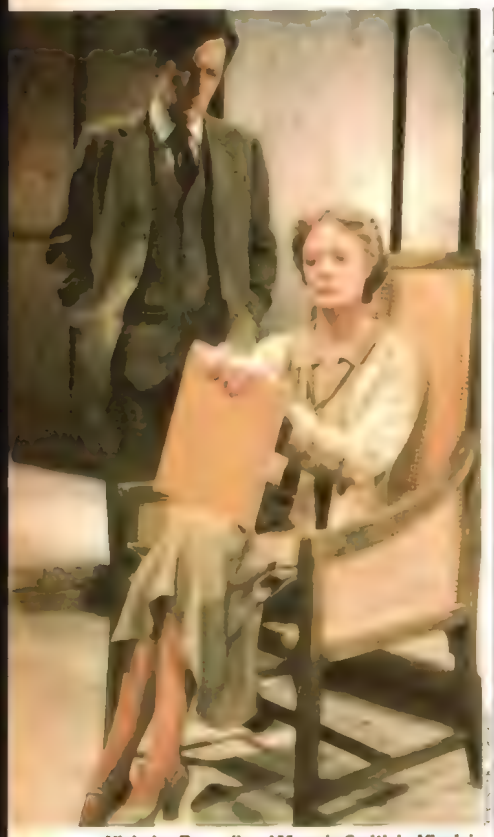
Coe's final decision to compete, which he announced in March, set the stage for an epic confrontation in the 800 and 1,500 with another nonboycotting Brit, Steve Ovett, 24, who on July 1 shaved .2 second from Coe's mile record of 3 min. 49 sec. Hungry for an international sports success, most Britons seemed to support Coe's decision. Still, young "Seb" came under pressure from boycott backers to stay at home. He handled it with analytical detachment, as befits a scholar-athlete with a double bachelor of arts degree (he studied economics, social history and political science at Loughborough University). Asked by an interviewer if he cared at all about Afghanistan, Coe replied coolly: "I am absorbed. I can see the seriousness of this issue and where the world seems to be moving."

At his family's comfortable home in Sheffield, Coe spent hours discussing the boycott with his father (and trainer) Peter Coe, who owns a cutlery manufacturing firm. Said the elder Coe: "Often we would sit up until 1 in the morning, over countless cups of coffee, thrashing out the pros and cons." Ultimately, Seb Coe concluded that sports and politics should not be mixed. "It is a clash of two worlds," he declared. "Governments, politicians, are ruled by expediency. Athletes live in a world of natural law."

Some boycott supporters found the explanation a touch disingenuous. The thrill of competition, the glory of victory and the promise of lucrative endorsements must also have been powerful considerations. It was pointed out too that the Soviet press reported Coe's decision with great glee. Countered the middle-distance star: "I am not going to be used as a standard-bearer by people on either side of the debate."

As the Games neared, the debate focused more on the Coe-Ovett match-up. Relations between the two are chilly, perhaps because they are so different. The affable, talkative Coe is the people's choice. A 5-ft. 9¼-in., 129-lb. bantam, Coe emphasizes speed over endurance in his training. Ovett is intense and taciturn, especially with the press. He does little but eat, sleep and train; in an average week he will turn in 160 or more miles in contrast to Coe's 50 to 70. After he shattered Coe's mile mark, however, Ovett did permit himself a rare moment of public exultation: "One of the big goals this season was to take this world record from Sebastian Coe—it tasted terrific."

Coe's post-Olympic plans include a career in business management or political journalism, as well as further work toward a master's degree. However he fares in Moscow, his experience should be useful when he writes his thesis. Its subject: the sociological, physiological and political aspects of sports as a career.



Nicholas Pennell and Maggie Smith in *Virginia*

Smith and Brian Bedford in *Much Ado*

Marathon Time at Stratford

In Ontario this season, a waspish Woolf out-tongues the Bard

Opening week at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival is always a dramatic marathon. Trumpeters in Elizabethan garb signal curtaintime and send eight plays sprinting off the mark in five days, beginning a five-month competition that often finds the winners and the losers in close contention. Four of this season's entries

VIRGINIA *by Edna O'Brien*

Every festival profits from a conversation piece. Stratford assuredly has one in *Virginia*, which is based on the life of Virginia Woolf. One may argue that it is not quite a play, since its structure is that of a labyrinthine interior monologue. This will captivate some playgoers and alienate others. Since about 70% of the material in *Virginia* comes from the letters and diaries of Woolf, Edna O'Brien is at least as much editor as author of the drama. However, she has a deep affinity for her subject and never violates Woolf's tone of voice. In the title role, Maggie Smith is bold, lustrous and moving; it is as if she had stored up every acting skill she had ever acquired and lavished it on this one coruscating performance.

There are actually two other characters, but each is encased in the prism of Woolf's consciousness. Her husband Leonard (Nicholas Pennell) devotedly tended a brushfire of genius at which he was painfully singed. Also vying for Virginia's affections is Vita Sackville-West (Patricia Conolly), an avowed lesbian, or Sapphist in the term of Woolf's 1920s.

How far Vita's feelings were reciprocated is ambiguous: the caress and diverted kiss that occur onstage imply rather more than they reveal. Love is an unbalanced equation. The evidence of the play echoes the reflection offered by Woolf's nephew Quentin Bell in his biography of his aunt: "If the test of passion be blindness, then [Virginia's] affections were not very deeply engaged." Virginia sharpens that point in the play: "Life and a lover she thought. It does not scan." For Woolf, her work was her life. While she would drown herself as pitiably as Ophelia, she could not drown her vocation in Vita.

In this kaleidoscope of memory we encounter Virginia's father as an austere Greek scholar, selfish, stingy and totally un-Hellenic in his rigidity of spirit. Virginia hates him. The second man who stalks her early memory is perhaps worse. After escorting her to a fancy ball, her half brother tries to assault her sexually ("Eros," she says, "came on dirty wings").

Revulsion, inhibition and the eventual declarations of feminine independence may all have been catalyzed by these early perceptions of the male animal. With the father's death, Virginia and her sister Vanessa establish a London salon, the nucleus of the elitist, eccentric Bloomsbury group. The coolly vitriolic tongues and flamboyant narcissism of the "Bloomsberries" mirrored streaks of casual cruelty and self-absorption in Woolf.

This play is a tone poem, and it is surely Robin Phillips at the top form of his directorial career who has elicited from Maggie Smith this confluence of naked emotions. She is, from moment to moment, grieving, loving, bitter, wasp-witted, rapturous, valiant and a wombful of fear. Her most powerfully affecting sequence is the descent into madness, where terrifying apparitions of unreason flit like vampire bats through the buckling rafters of her brain.

TITUS ANDRONICUS *by William Shakespeare*

There are 13 murders in *Titus Andronicus*, or an average of about one every twelve minutes. It is an early work (written in 1594), and the poetry is at odds with the fury, rampaging revenge pursued like a blood sport. Director Brian Bedford mitigates the gore, achieving a certain stoic Roman dignity. The drama's chief interest is that it offers embryonic models of characters who would dominate later tragedies.

Titus Andronicus (William Hutt), doughtiest general of the Roman state, has come home with his Gothic captives. Turning aside the proffered imperial crown, he bestows it on Saturninus (Jack Wetherall), an odious opportunist though royal in lineage. Titus prefigures Lear's foolish error in dividing up his kingdom.

Saturninus appropriates Tamora (Pat Galloway), Queen of the Goths, for his empress. A Lady Macbeth-to-be, Tamora seethes with ambition and an acrid hatred of Titus, who had her eldest son killed in a ritual sacrifice. When she takes Aaron (Errol Slue), a Moor, for her lover, the carnage begins. Despite his color, Aaron is Iago's twin in his motiveless malignity. He plots to have Titus' daughter Lavinia (Goldie Semple) raped, and her hands cut off and her tongue ripped out. Then the heads of two of Titus' murdered sons are unshrouded before the father. In retaliation, Titus stabs two of Tamora's sons to death, has their bodies minced and cooked, and serves morsels of them to the unsuspecting Tamora.

All this recalls the dawn of Greek tragedy. But unlike the Greek plays, *Titus Andronicus* provides no pity, terror or

catharsis. The characters are slain with the casual impersonality of gangsters being picked off by hit men. Among the players, Hutt's Titus grows in stature as the bereaved father, and Galloway's Tamora is a one-woman "wilderness of tigers." Devoid of a moral center, *Titus Andronicus* nonetheless exerts a perverse fascination, for it glows with the phosphorescence of evil.

HENRY V *by William Shakespeare*

An actor may rally his soldiers ("Once more unto the breach, dear friends"), but he will not be supremely successful in the part unless he makes the audience burn to join the fray. Jack Wetherall, in the title role in this play, lacks that incendiary magnetism.

The fault is not entirely his. An entire generation of actors have been so thoroughly trained to play antiheroes that the heroic style is unnatural to them.

At the siege of Harfleur, Henry roars at assembled elders of the town:

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants

William Hutt in *Titus Andronicus*

Henry means every last harsh syllable of this. Wetherall recites it rhetorically as if he can scarcely believe what he is saying. He is much more persuasive in delivering Henry's brooding soliloquy the night before the English take the field at Agincourt: "Upon the King! Let us our lives, our souls . . . Our children, and our sins, lay on the King!/ We must bear all."

In the last act, the clangor of arms gives way to beguiling courtship as Henry, with his bad French, woos Katharine (Diana Leblanc), daughter of the French King, with her sketchy English. Alas, all the settings seem to have been repossessed from a stranded road company, and there is no glint of splendor. Blandness mutes all, and chivalric knighthood is presented as a pressed flower.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING *by William Shakespeare*

This production is handsomely costumed in the style of *The Three Musketeers*. That is apt, since the most winning part of the play is a fencing match, the thrust and parry not of foils but of wits. Benedick (Brian Bedford) and Beatrice (Maggie Smith) are masterly put-down artists of each other and of just about everyone else. Shakespeare bestowed on them the gifts of sparkling intelligence, pungent irony and a merry tongue, qualities in short supply in the play's other characters. But this is a play of self-deceptions and reversals.

Beatrice and Benedick are self-deceived in that they believe their heads can sternly rule their hearts. "I will live a bachelor," says Benedick with smug assurance. Beatrice swears that she will not marry "till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust?" Through the ruses of their friends, they are both overmastered by love. Bedford and Smith have these roles under their skins. She is a whooping crane to his mock turtle. Together they adorn the occasion with the Bard's goodly grace.

—By T.E. Kalem

One Brief Tarnished Hour

CAMELOT *Book and Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner; Music by Frederick Loewe*

Richard Burton's voice is one of the great wind instruments of the English-speaking stage. Unfortunately, in *Camelot*, that instrument seems to be just about all he has left to play on or with. To indicate that Burton is trifling with his formidable dramatic talents is to make an ancillary point, since the show itself leads a charmed life. *Camelot* opened to an unparalleled $3 million advance sale in 1960 on the assumption that after *My Fair Lady*, Lerner and Loewe were not men but gods. After John F. Kennedy's assassination, the show became a myth. The President's favorite musical was a symbol of the "one brief shining moment" when Washington was supposedly transformed into an Arthurian round table.

There is a not-so-secret lust in the American soul for surrogate royalty. Burton stands at the apex of three convergent lines. Through the role, he has inherited the Kennedy legend. In marrying a Hollywood superstar, he became a consort Arthur to Elizabeth Taylor's hot-copy Guenevere. To this moment, he indisputably speaks the King's English, something that still makes every closet colonial in America tug his forelock. Burton will make *Camelot* prosper, but even he, with his nimble intelligence, could scarcely impart any logic to the show. The story is a love triangle; yet, the nature of that love is never articulated. Does Queen Guenevere (Christine Ebersole) love King Arthur (Burton) for the sweet reasonableness with which he wishes to foster justice and peace? Does a surge of passion draw her to Lancelot (Richard Muenz), even though he is a charmless prig? Ebersole's Guenevere is closer to marble than to flesh, and, in any event, we never do learn what these three people feel for each other.

Richard Burton as the King in *Camelot*

A show that leads a charmed life.

There are more awkward juxtapositions. *Camelot* is sometimes historical pageant, sometimes operetta. The language veers from the chivalric mode to slangy vernacular. Things begin in a comedic vein with the babbling buffoonery of Merlyn (James Valentine) and the blimpish insularity of King Pellinore (Paxton Whitehead), and then turn somber with the threatened burning of Guenevere at the stake.

The annealing grace of the evening is the score, particularly Lerner's witty lyrics. *If Ever I Would Leave You, I Loved You Once in Silence* and *Camelot* jettison the ballast of plot to soar into the lambent spheres of melody.

—T.E.K.

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Writer-Director Sam Fuller shooting *Big Red*

Belated Victory

THE BIG RED ONE
Directed and Written by Samuel Fuller

Wars are periods of anxious boredom, mitigated by soldierly camaraderie and punctuated by moments of sheer terror, bloody farce and amazing grace which, because they are so intense, have the capacity to shape the lives and spirits of the unformed youths who fight them.

That is the view of Samuel Fuller, 68, who built a cult reputation as the writer-director of a series of crude but vivid action films *(The Steel Helmet, Pickup on South Street)* in the 1950s and '60s, has not worked in movies for almost a decade and has long wanted to make a film based on his experiences as a World War II infantryman. *The Big Red One*, which was the nickname of Fuller's old outfit, the 1st Infantry Division, is that film. And it is fine, fully justifying Fuller's faith in himself and his great subject.

Fuller's dream movie has about it a mellowness that contrasts sharply with the brutal force of his earlier films, which often derived their power from the simple act of upending generic conventions —having the hero actually pull the trigger at the moment when normally he might be expected to holster his gun, or even fall into hysterics just when he was supposed to be most tightly controlled. Fuller is still doing this in *Big Red*, but in a much more benign way. In the movie, which traces the lives of four privates and their sergeant (Lee Marvin) from their landing in North Africa in 1942 to the liberation of a concentration camp in Czechoslovakia in 1945, one keeps expecting at least one of them to be killed. But they defy expectation by surviving, implying that in brotherhood there is a strength bordering on the magical.

Again, in the classic movie manner, the characters are drawn from different backgrounds. But instead of using these conflicts for comic relief or color, Fuller mutes them to emphasize the commonality of their response to shared danger. The only fully developed figure is the wise and weary sergeant, who is so resonantly underplayed by Marvin that one scarcely notices that the young men who group themselves self-protectively around him are not more sharply particularized. But that comes to seem a prime virtue, for character is something that is formed by experience digested, and there is no time for that in war.

Fuller's film is essentially a series of incidents. Marvin's squad hits an African beach defended by the Vichy French, and instead of facing a firefight, they find themselves making allies of these reluctant warriors. They knock out a hidden German gun in Italy and are awarded an alfresco luncheon by the women of the newly liberated town. They survive a German ambush and soon after help to deliver a French woman's baby in the tank they have captured. There is a weird battle in an insane asylum, and the death of a child who has survived years in a concentration camp and then dies when Marvin takes him on a picnic.

Some heavy ironic meaning might have been imposed on these juxtapositions of the quotidian and the violent, and the younger Fuller might have done so. But now he merely touches on them and passes on, leaving them to work on his viewers' minds as they imagine the memories must have, over the years, on his own.

Fuller trusts his vigorous and simple style to keep people interested. He should, for his style derives from the classic American manner of making movies: the camera is almost always at eye level, the shots are allowed to play long and calm-

Lee Marvin as the wise and weary sarge
Instead of brutality, mellow maturity.

The New Illustrated Columbia Encyclopedia

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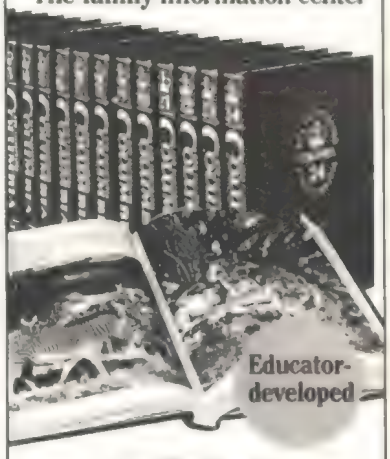

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TAKE A BITE OUT OF CRIME

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Cinema

ly, with few moves and few cuts to the closeup. This is clean, direct and gripping film making.

It is apparently true that Fuller wildly overshot, delivering a first cut that was excessively long. He did not supervise the last editing, and there are a few awkwardnesses in the version that is being released. But it is also clear that Fuller delivered the basic goods to the cutting room, the material that only he could reconstruct. What has emerged is a movie that can proudly take its place with *The Big Parade*, *What Price Glory* and *The Story of G.I. Joe* in the great tradition of American war dramas. —*By Richard Schickel*

"Hey Kids . . ."

FAME
Directed by Alan Parker
Screenplay by Christopher Gore

Put it this way: Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland are conspicuously absent from *Fame*. And they are missed, along with those innocent movies where someone cried out: "Hey kids, I've got an idea—let's put on a show!"

There is plenty of eagerness and ambition and, at least in the early reels, high spirits in this movie, which traces a group of teen-age actors, dancers and musicians from auditions through graduation at Manhattan's public High School of Performing Arts. But there is much else, so much that one begins to wonder if anyone connected with the production gave a thought to the virtue of maintaining stylistic and emotional unity within the work. If that sounds like something a fussy old English teacher might say, so be it. They could have used a stickler on this picture.

Take the matter of style. Basically the picture has a grimy, documentary look to it. But every once in a while what appears to be the entire student body pours out into the street to do song-and-dance numbers, some of which are cheerful enough, but all of which break faith with the film's realistic premise. Then there is the question of plot development to consider. In *Fame* nothing ordinary happens to people. Does the best comedian in the class get a job in a club before he graduates? Then you may be sure he succumbs to dope. Does a young actor betray uncommon sensitivity? Then homosexuality is his inevitable lot. The dancer with the greatest natural gift? His poverty and illiteracy make him prone to self-destructive violence.

The film is full of attractive young performers. And there is a low-keyed conflict between them and a faculty that is trying to discipline their exuberance without stifling their spirits. If the film had concentrated on that instead of on hokey melodrama, it might have been far more engaging and truer to life. —*R.S.*

Nine Minds of Its Own

At term's end, the Burger Court still defies all labels

By now, the house that former Chief Justice Earl Warren built was supposed to have been reduced to ruins. The current Supreme Court, which includes four Justices appointed by Richard Nixon and one named by Gerald Ford, was expected to undo many of the far-reaching precedents that Warren's liberal court fashioned between 1954 and 1969 on race, defendants' rights and other explosive issues. Yet as Chief Justice Warren Burger and his colleagues packed their summer bags last week, appraisers of their latest term agreed on one thing, if on little else: while some parts of the Warren Court legacy were suffering from dry rot, others had been buttressed.

As a result, virtually every segment of society, every philosophical faction and special-interest group, had something to cheer about, and perhaps to jeer about as well. Antiabortion campaigners were rewarded with a politically touchy decision that will nearly eliminate Medicaid-financed abortions. Civil rights activists were pleased by the court's approval of a federal public works program setting aside 10% of funds for minority-run businesses, but dismayed by a decision that perpetuated a white-dominated electoral system in Mobile, Ala. Free-speech champions got more than they had hoped for in a ruling guaranteeing open criminal trials, but were stunned earlier by the court's support for sanctions against CIA Agent Turned Author Frank Snepp.

Since the Justices so frequently gave with one hand while taking away with the other, anyone intent on labeling the Burger Court has had to fight off a case of the whirlies. It has become fashionable to characterize the court as leaderless (all the more so since the December publication of *The Brethren*, the Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong reconstruction of the court's inner workings that did for Warren Burger what *Unsafe at Any Speed* did for the Corvair). Paul Bender, a law professor at the University of Pennsylvania, argues that no single Justice "commands respect for his substantive ideas the way Harlan or Frankfurter did. The Justices are all off in their own little directions, and no one has the presence to make the others coalesce around him."

Such coalescences as do occur frequently do not add up to a clear or decisive majority. Of 50 major rulings issued this term, 34 were decided by a single vote or by a combination of plurality opinions. Even when the Justices agreed on the outcome of a case, they often disagreed about the reasoning that should lead up to it. In four critical cases handed down during its final week, the court splintered into 22 separate concurring and dissenting opinions. Such diversity, says Justice Department Lawyer Bruce Fein, "gives relatively little guidance to state and federal courts, elected officials or the private sector. It makes for an uneven application of the law."

Still, there are good reasons for some of the apparent inconsistency. The cases are hard, or they would not be there; and the Justices' cautious, case-by-case approach bespeaks a salutary absence of dogmatism. In addition, this court has inherited the tricky task of defining the limits to rights that the Warren Court set out broadly. For instance, given that intentionally segregated school systems are unconstitutional, exactly which remedies are acceptable? The court will find that some are sound and others go too far, but that does not necessarily mean the Justices are wandering the legal landscape without direction.

A summary of the term's major rulings:

Criminal Rights. The Burger Court, like the American public, has made no secret of its unhappiness over the number of criminals who go free because of restrictions on the admissibility of illegally obtained evidence. This year it availed itself of several opportunities to trim back those restrictions. In one case in which the Government had seized evidence illegally from one person, the court did not balk at allowing it to be used in the trial of another (*U.S.* vs. *Payner*). The safeguard against compulsory self-incrimination also came in for a little tightening: from now on, the prosecution can attack a criminal defendant's credibility by commenting on his prearrest silence.

In a more liberal vein, the court ruled that a suspect's right to counsel was violated when the FBI used a prison mate as an informer (*U.S.* vs. *Henry*), and the Fourth Amendment was found to bar police from entering a man's home to arrest him for a felony unless they have an arrest warrant (*Payton* vs. *New York*).

The Right to Sue. This is one area where the news was all good or all bad. "Until two years ago, you couldn't sue city hall at all," says Yale Law Professor Paul Gewirtz. Since then, a series of decisions, including several this term, has virtually shredded the doctrine of governmental immunity. A boon to citizens, perhaps, but a threat to already overloaded dockets. In *Owen* vs. *City of Independence*, the court refused to allow municipalities to duck certain civil rights suits by trotting out the defense that their employees had acted in "good faith." Then, in *Maine* vs. *Thiboutot*, the Justices ruled that under a Reconstruction era act, individuals could sue a state or one of its officers if they claimed that their rights under any federal law (in this case, a welfare statute) had been violated. In addition, winning

plaintiffs in those cases can now make defendants pick up their legal fees.

First Amendment. The Justices upheld a California decision, based on the state's constitution, permitting petition drives in private shopping centers. They also threw out a municipal ordinance that limited door-to-door and on-street fund raising by "cause" groups (*Village of Schaumburg* vs. *Citizens for a Better Environment*). Corporations, meantime, got the green light to speak out more freely in cases involving utility companies that promoted nuclear power (*Consolidated Edison Co.* vs. *Public Service Commission*) and a greater use of electricity.

The most significant decision, *Richmond Newspapers Inc.* vs. *Virginia*, proclaimed for the first time that the First Amendment gives the press and public a right of access to criminal trials. The Justices seemed to be trying to reassure the press after last year's confusing *Gannett* decision, which, although occasioned only by a pretrial proceeding, was read by many lower courts as an invitation to close entire criminal trials.

The low point in the term for free-speech lawyers came in *Snepp* vs. *U.S.* The court ruled that former CIA Agent Frank Snepp must give the Government all his profits from an unauthorized book he wrote about his CIA experiences. Though the agency conceded that Snepp had revealed no classified information, the Justices upheld its claim that he violated a contract—required of all employees—giving it the right to block publication of any manuscript.

Race. Affirmative action took a large step forward when the court upheld a federal law that set aside 10% of certain public construction funding for minority-owned businesses (*Fullilove* vs. *Klutznick*). Of apparently critical importance was the fact that this was a narrowly tailored remedy drawn up by Congress; the majority offered no hints about how it might view such programs designed by federal agencies or by states.

The ruling gave some solace to civil rights advocates who had been disheartened by *City of Mobile* vs. *Bolden*. Mobile's blacks, who make up 35% of the population, have never been able to capture a seat on the city commission, because its three members are elected at large. Yet the court refused to impose election by district for various reasons, none of which attracted majority support.

Miscellaneous. While a 1973 decision allowing abortions still stands, many poor women will be unable to afford them, now that the court has upheld a federal law cutting off Medicaid funding of abortions except in very limited situations (*Harris* vs. *McRae*). That decision followed by two weeks one that allowed the patenting of new manufactured forms of life, which should spawn even more laboratory activity in a field whose boundaries can only be imagined (*Diamond* vs. *Chakrabarty*). A federal regulation tightening the limits on how much benzene vapor can be in the air in workplaces was challenged in *Industrial Union Department* vs. *American Petroleum Institute*. The case offered a chance to decide whether the cost of industrial safety should be balanced against the benefits: money *vs.* lives. But the Justices, in striking down the regulation, left that issue for another day. *—By Bennet H. Beach. Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington*

Gadfly to the Brethren

One day last fall a lawyer for the oil industry stood before the Supreme Court and urged the nine robed Justices to throw out a federal regulation limiting the amount of dangerous benzene vapor permitted in the workplace. Justice John Paul Stevens, the newest member of the court, leaned forward and put it squarely to the attorney: "If you win this case, isn't it true that some people may die as a result?" It was a typically pointed question from Stevens, but as befits a man renowned for his skill at the bridge table, he did not tip his hand: he ended up writing the lead opinion in a decision throwing out the benzene regulation.

Justice John Paul Stevens

Since his 1975 swearing-in as the 101st man to serve as a Justice, Stevens has brought a fresh approach to his work. On a court noted for its fragmentation and diversity, Stevens is the extreme case, a personal loner and a legal maverick. Yet he has won the respect of the other Justices for his originality and ability to find new angles on old ideas (he once casually asked a clerk to "rethink" the history and meaning of the 14th Amendment's equal protection clause). Says one of his colleagues: "If there is any conceivable new way to approach a case or a legal issue, he'll find it."

It seems safe to say that Gerald Ford had no idea what he was getting when he nominated Stevens to fill the seat of William O. Douglas. The son of a well-to-do businessman, Stevens clerked for Justice Wiley Rutledge 32 years ago, then made a career as an antitrust specialist in Chicago. When he moved from the federal appeals court in Chicago, he was viewed as a capable and conventional judge with moderate political views. Thus far, Stevens has surprised observers by siding often with the liberal Justices. Those reckless enough to label him at all regard him as left of center. "But he gets there in peculiar ways," says Stanford Law Professor Gerald Gunther.

Sometimes, of course, he does not get there at all. When the court handed down its "seven dirty words" decision two years ago, Stevens wrote for the majority in giving the Government a potentially broad new right to control what comes over the air waves. In the two major affirmative action cases he has participated in, one involving medical school admissions and the other a construction grants setaside, Stevens has voted against the programs.

This independence, which has helped earn him the nickname "Even Stevens," can rub some nerves a little raw. Stevens has set himself up as a gadfly who persistently challenges his brethren. "He's thought it important to say what's on his mind, whether it's persuasive or not," observes Yale Law Professor Paul Gewirtz. "That irritates some Justices." Adds Georgetown Law Professor Dennis Hutchinson: "He seemed prepared in many cases to, if not exactly reinvent the wheel, then at least reinterpret it. In every major case, he has to have his own little John Paul Stevens theory."

That theory is typically enunciated in blunt, incisively written opinions, with what one legal observer calls "the best opening lines since Greta Garbo." Typically, he starts by writing a stream-of-consciousness memo, and then his clerks convert it to the standard format. Stevens' opinions may become increasingly significant. His liberal votes take on a special prominence because of the diminished influence in recent years of old-line liberals William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall. So far, his novel theories and poor salesmanship have prevented him from becoming a leader. But Stevens is well aware that many a lonely dissent of the past is now law; he expects his impact to take time. And despite open-heart surgery in 1974, Stevens—at 60 the second youngest justice—is likely to be on the court for a long time to come.

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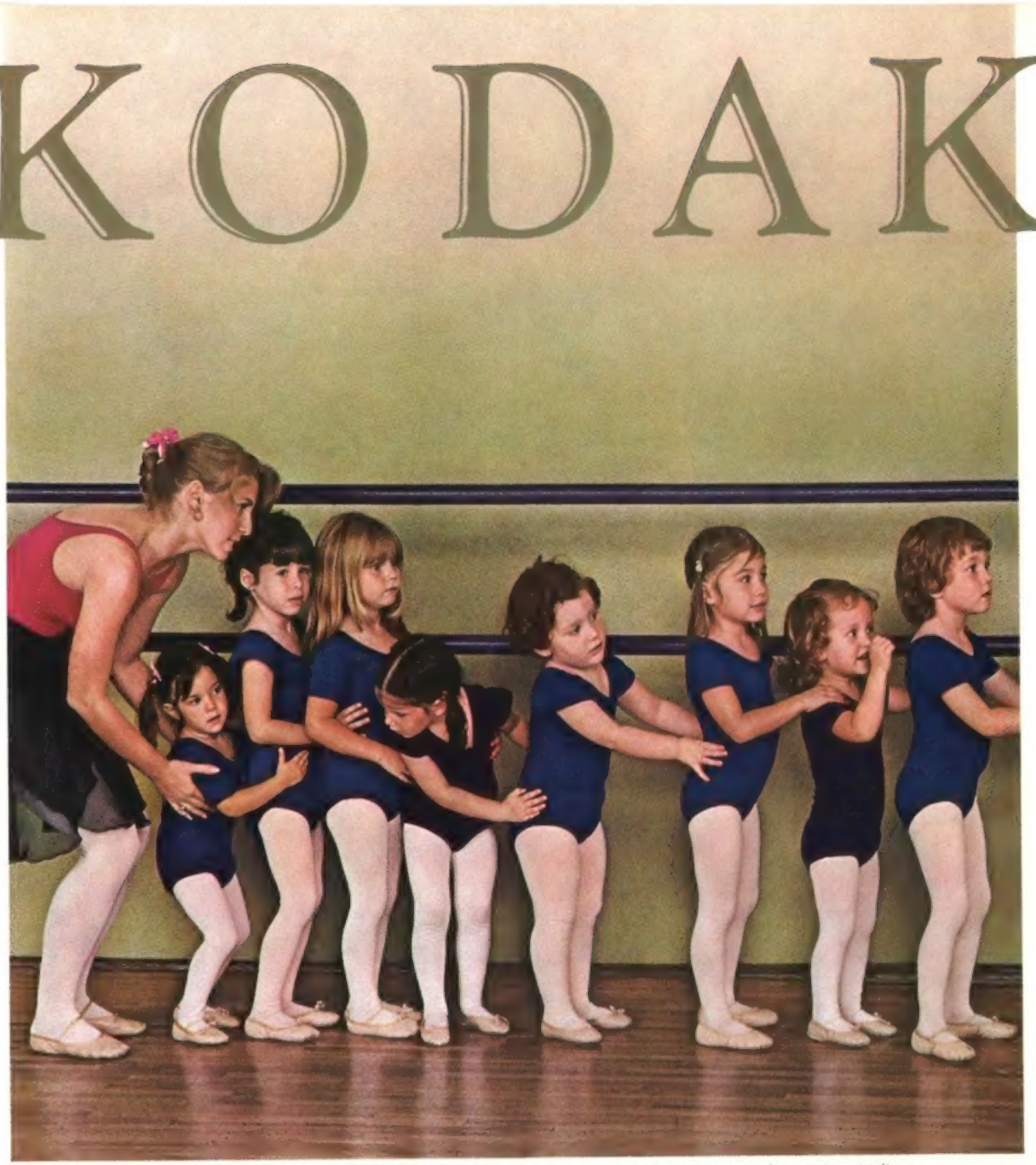

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